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New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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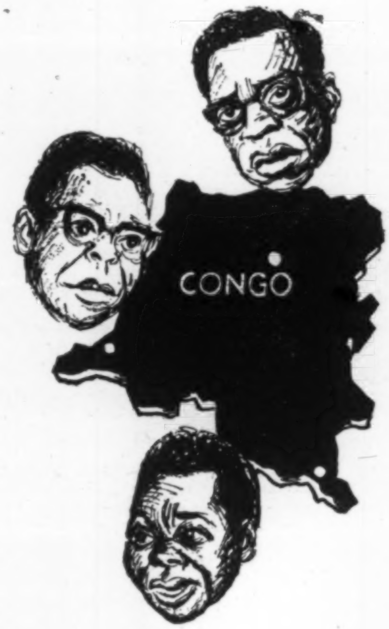

CONGO FACTS
Basil Davidson

★

Profile of
Lancelot Hogben

★

TOM DRIBERG
First TV Election

★

C. H. ROLPH
Guns and Murder

★

ASA BRIGGS
Creative Definitions

★

DAVID DREW
Opera in West Germany

Selwyn's Socialist Nightmare

On the eve of his first budget, Mr Selwyn Lloyd stares disaster in the face. The German revaluation – a masterstroke of economic cunning, as Our Economic and City Correspondents report – has removed his last plaintive hope that the foreigners would come to our rescue. Already it has dealt a body-blow to Britain. By Monday, Sterling had fallen to its lowest point since the massive credit-squeeze was imposed in September 1957 to save us from the post-Suez collapse of the pound. In short, the entire economic operations of the government over the last three and a half years have proved a total failure. It was hoped to avert a currency crisis by squeezing the economy into stagnation. This journal has constantly predicted that the government would end by getting both. Now the day has come.

This consequence flowed inexorably from the doctrinaire means which the government – against all warnings – insisted, as usual, on adopting to meet the 1957 crisis. Unable to bring themselves to use selective controls, they resorted solely to the blundering mechanism of a high bank-rate. This effectively slashed investment and so lowered Britain's competitiveness in world markets. For a time, indeed, it encouraged a rush of hot money into London, anxious to exploit the high interest rates which the British nation was bountifully providing. This kept our reserves artificially high, and so concealed the disastrous fall in our trading balance – itself aggravated by the credit squeeze. Now, with a vigorous new American administration, and the prospects of an early upsurge in the US economy, the money is once again flowing to New York, and Britain's reserves are revealed in their naked vulnerability.

What can the government do now? Despite Mr Lloyd's denials, devaluation now seems almost inevitable. The only question is when to devalue – and how much. Should the government cut its losses now, or should it take preparatory steps to increase the competitiveness of our exports by investment, and so ensure that devaluation has its full effect ?

This brings us to the budget. Assuming Mr Lloyd prefers to wait before taking the plunge, there are certain immediate decisions which he can, and should, take next month. First, he should cut luxury imports by raising purchase tax, and reduce the spending power of the higher-income groups by direct tax-increases. This would lower our import bill, and make it far easier for him to hold the wages-front steady. Second, he should take drastic steps to increase investment in industry. He can do this both positively, by raising investment allowances, and negatively, by penalising – through a form of manpower tax – those firms which prefer to pay a large wage-bill rather than invest in new machinery.

In fact, there is every reason to believe that purely political pressures will force Mr Lloyd to do exactly the opposite. On the mythical assumption that higher rewards to executives act as an incentive in industry, and stimulate exports, he is being asked to lower the surtax level and cut income-tax. The sole effect of such moves would be to increase luxury spending, jack up the import bill, and so aggravate the pressure on Sterling. Second, to pay for this reduction in revenue, he is being urged to replace purchase tax, which is selective and can therefore be geared to our economic needs, by imposing a general sales tax which would apply essentially to necessities. Such a tax would be directly and immediately inflationary. It would hit wage-earners over the whole range of their purchases and lead inevitably to a fresh round of irresistible wage-demands. This in turn would raise the price of our exports and so wipe out any benefit devaluation might bring.

Here then is Mr Lloyd's dilemma. After a decade of Tory rule, his supporters expect a Tory budget. The only way he can save our traditional economy, and keep Britain in the export race, is by imposing a Socialist one. The choice is between Tory ideology and the nation's prosperity.

Comments on the Week's News

The Economy

The Cunning Men in Bonn

Our Economic Correspondent writes: From a German viewpoint, the revaluation of the Mark is a masterpiece. The German economy has been advancing at a more or less steady rate of five per cent a year per head, against the British and US rate of under two per cent. The revaluation thus merely means that two years' productivity advantage in world markets has been sacrificed. In fact, the sacrifice is largely nominal. German industry, by tightening its organisation, can easily screw up its productivity a little more than usual and thus avoid all ill-effects. Moreover, in the case of cars, machines and other crucial export items, a five per cent difference in prices does not make much odds.

On the other hand, the British and Americans will pay more for their troops: our costs will increase by £3-4 million, the Americans' more. Thus the German surplus will continue, while they can now smugly proclaim that they have done everything any nation could be expected to do to diminish the competitiveness of its industry and contribute to international balance and good-will.

In contrast to these brilliant tactics, the elephantine cavortings of the British government at the European Union meeting has been exceeded only by the gullibility of the British press in swallowing the official handouts without so much as challenging a comma. The story is easy to tell. Ever since its establishment the Common Market has suffered from a divergence in aims among its constituents. The French (though at first not de Gaulle himself) have aimed primarily at a political union buttressed by common economic policy. This clearly excluded the British, who never dreamed of giving up their cherished 'special' relation with the US and the Commonwealth. The Germans (but not Dr Adenauer) and the Dutch aimed at economic collaboration – which did not exclude intimate collaboration with Britain. At the recent meeting of the heads of the six Common Market countries this divergence resulted in an open clash. General de Gaulle was clearly pressing for a further step towards building a United Europe. Periodic meetings of the heads of the Six were to be arranged, serviced by a common secretariat – the beginning of a kind of supra-national political organisation to work in closest touch with the economic organs already in existence.

Dr Adenauer, whose faith in Mr Kennedy's support of his policies is obviously less than perfect, was in no position to resist the General. The Dutch fortunately stepped into the breach and refused to countenance the establishment of yet another 'European' organ which excluded the British. The final communiqué obviously hid deep embarrassment by postponing the issue to a further meeting. At this point the British government announced its 'fundamental' reconsideration of policy. It would accept a common tariff, Mr Heath said, except for Commonwealth and EFTA imports. In fact this was a return to the 1958 proposals for a European Free Trade Area (except that the British declared themselves willing to consider a cut in Commonwealth preference). This proposal was of course doomed from the start. If the Dutch can veto closer political ties between the Six to the exclusion of the Seven (including Britain), the French can veto any agreement with the Seven which does not accept a minimum of political unification, including an inclusive tariff. And the British cannot bring themselves to sever their ties to the Commonwealth – however ineffectual they may be.

Bonn

As Others See Us

JOHN MANDER *writes:* This winter, the West Germans have been making a painful and belated discovery: their allies do not love them as they deserve. The moment of truth for most people was perhaps President Kennedy's brusque dismissal, at the beginning of February, of Bonn's offer to pay four billion Marks towards the relief of the dollar. Combined with this offer was a promise to contribute four billion Marks, *in the current year,* in aid to underdeveloped territories. Alarmed at the rapidly falling temperature of German-American relations (President Kennedy's first communication to the aged chancellor was of chilly formality), Dr Adenauer sent his Foreign Minister, Herr von Brentano, to Washington to reconnoitre. After a brief Kennedy-von Brentano interview, both sides declared themselves to be 'highly satisfied'.

Had Washington backed down or watered down requests for further German co-operation, Herr von Brentano was asked at the subsequent press conference, or had the West Germans consented to pay up? And if so, how much? Cornered, Herr von Brentano admitted he had agreed to pay four billion Marks worth of aid *in subsequent years as well.*

The reaction of the German public to this revelation was predictable: at four billion Marks a year, Washington's good will was being bought too dearly. Yet criticism was directed less against Washington than against the Adenauer Cabinet's mishandling of the affair, and its apparent inability to prevent the deterioriation of relations between Bonn and Washington.

There is no doubt that the whole affair is politically extremely embarrassing for Dr Adenauer. This is election year; the CDU is understandably reluctant to commit itself to increased taxation at this moment (the four billion Marks originally offered were to come partly from this year's sale of the formerly state-owned Volkswagen works.) Worse, it was upon firm friendship with Washington that the whole structure of Dr Adenauer's policy rested. The unwillingness of the new men in Washington to listen to his advice, as John Foster Dulles used to, was a serious blow to Bonn's prestige.

But the real crisis is at a deeper level. The West Germans are being compelled to reconsider their position in the world. The old certainties of the Dulles era are vanishing. Rightly or wrongly, most Germans certainly believed – and the belief was of extreme political importance – that America's new-found partiality for Bonn was not mere expediency. The French and the British, so the legend ran, were still blinded by war-time 'resentments': only the Americans could see the Germans as they really were: honest, politically repentant, hard-working, reliably anti-Communist.

But now, in 1961, the comfortable blanket of American approval once removed, the West Germans are feeling exposed in the world. Sensitivity to foreign press criticism is acute, and many responsible Germans privately fear the impact of the Eichmann trial. While applauding the bringing of SS criminals to justice (a series of similar trials have been held in West Germany recently), they are clearly apprehensive lest the focussing of world attention on Germany's Nazi past may undo Bonn's efforts to create a new, democratically respectable image for Germany. All this – quite apart from Russian pressure on Berlin – must increase Bonn's dependence on the American connection. For better or for worse, the West Germans are being compelled, for the first time since the war, to emerge from their cocoon and see themselves as others see them. It is a sobering experience.

Paris

Touch and Go

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Somewhere in Europe or North Africa French officials are negotiating with emissaries from Ferhat Abbas. No one knows who is undertaking the negotiations or where they are being held. But the fact that contact has been made is now obvious. In Paris it is being said, off the record, that the two sides have made considerable progress in solving the most intractable of all the short-term problems, the presence in Algeria at the time of a vote on self-determination of two combatant armies. However, for the moment all rumours should be treated with scepticism.

After President Bourguiba's optimism of last week, it was generally supposed that President de Gaulle would transfer Ben Bella and his fellow Algerian detainees to the neighbourhood of Paris, but they are still in the same fortress, on the Ile d'Aix, and this obvious gesture of goodwill has not been made. It was generally believed, similarly, that the French army in Algeria would be regrouped in the major cities, but the past week's battles have been on the Moroccan frontier and there are, as yet, no reports of French troop movements in the interior. In fact, Bourguiba's

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optimism may well have been premature. The Algerians were induced to sign, after a stormy discussion, the Rabat communiqué which accepted in principle a public meeting with the representatives of the French government. But they are still awaiting a formal invitation to such a meeting and they will not agree to . cease-fire which would make public negotiations easy. This is the problem which is presumably causing most trouble in the current secret talks.

Accepting that these immediate obstacles will probably be surmounted, it is clear that Ferhat Abbas will constitute an altogether tougher bargaining opponent for de Gaulle than Bourguiba. I understand from Tunis that the Algerian leaders are far from enthusiastic for the Tunisian scheme of a Mediterranean pact guaranteeing French military bases in the Maghreb. Moreover, the Algerians clearly consider the Sahara as an integral part of their territory and they flatly refuse to entertain the idea of an international condominium for the benefit of all the countries interested in exploiting Saharan oil. Questions of this sort naturally take second place for the moment to the urgent need to stop the fighting. Nevertheless, when the formal negotiations do get under way, these are the sort of problems which will present the real difficulties.

Armed Forces

The Missing Battalions

There is a good deal of hypocrisy on both sides of the House about the switch from a conscript to an all-Regular army. Neither party wants to go on record as supporting conscription; and therefore both are driven to cook the books to prove that we don't need it. Mr Profumo, the War Secretary, told the House of Commons on Tuesday, that, on the basis of the recruiting figures at his disposal, he was 'confident' that the target-figure of 165,000 would be reached before the last National Serviceman leaves in 1962, and that the final aim, an army of 182,000, would be reached eventually. He did not reveal the figures which inspired this confidence. All the figures which are publicly available point in exactly the opposite direction. The Defence White Paper showed that the short-fall was now over 10,000. Recruiting fell by 8.4 per cent last year. To meet Mr Profumo's lower target, it would need to rise by nine per cent this year.

The government's claim that improvements in army conditions will attract the extra recruits can be dismissed. With manpower costs now constituting 52 per cent of our defence budget, further pay increases are out of the question; nor, if they were financially possible, are they likely to have much effect (army pay has doubled in the last ten years, but recruiting has fallen). Plans to increase the prestige of the army mainly affect the infantry, which is not particularly short of recruits; the real shortages are in the supporting services, which cannot be glamorised. The government could certainly do something to improve married quarters – a prime source of dissatisfaction – but this would cost a good deal of money, and would involve heavy investment in areas, such as Aden and Kenya, which could easily become politically untenable.

As for recruiting campaigns on TV, this is simply money down the drain: far too many British households contain at least one member who, from personal experience, can disprove the claim that the army has changed for the better. The fact is, it is still burdened by out-of-date training methods, by class snobbery and – worst of all – by gross inefficiency in the use of men.

If we cannot get enough Regulars, what do we do? The government is fiddling with all sorts of devices, such as calling up the Emergency Reserve and importing Malayan battalions. It still refuses to admit that its voluntary policy has failed. Among its supporters, however, there is a growing demand for some form of selective service. National Service is ruled out as impossibly costly and wasteful; but if, say, one in four of those liable were called up, it is agreed that the cost would be bearable, and the army kept up to strength. But on what basis could the men be selected? As the government is well aware, any selective service system – even a straight ballot – is bound to be highly unpopular, especially coming from a government which promised to end conscription altogether.

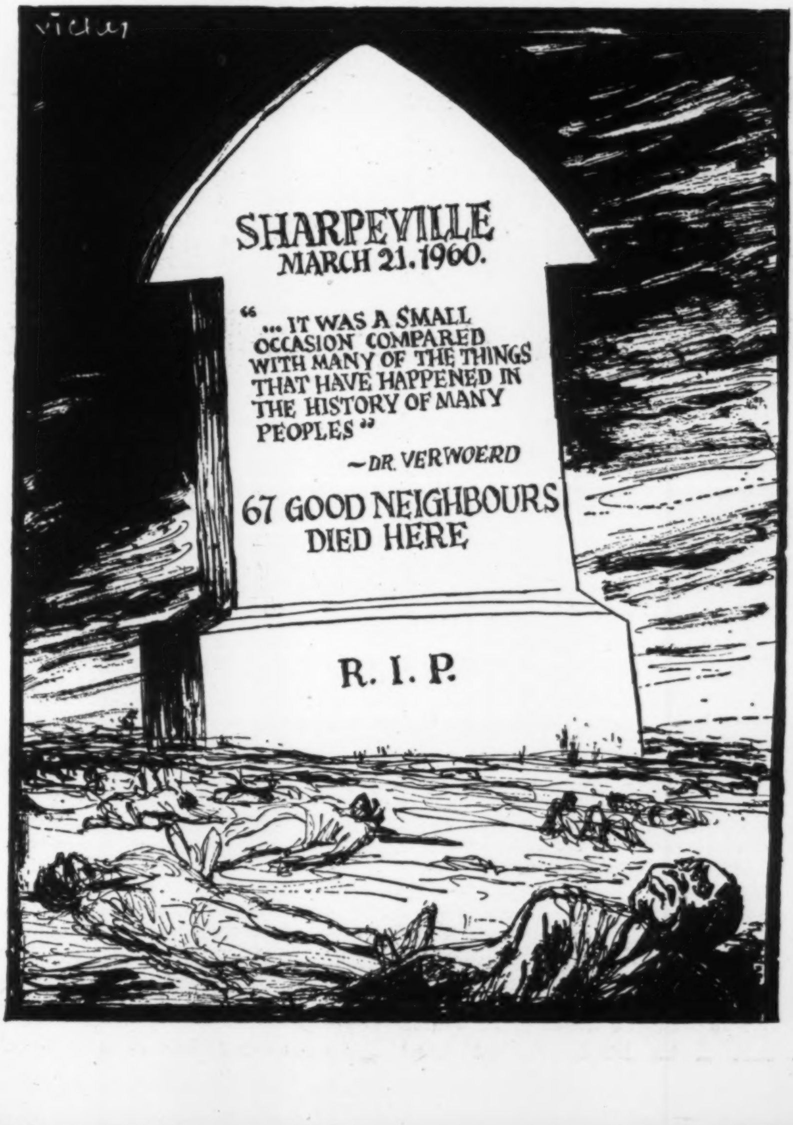
For this reason, the opposition would be well advised to hold only a watching brief in this controversy. Its own opposition to conscription is unrealistic and contradicts other aspects of its defence policy. Both the new official draft and the Crossman amendment oppose conscription. Both, either implicitly or explicitly, argue that abolition of conscription can be balanced by drastic cuts in overseas commitments. But by far the largest commitment is Rhine Army – and if Labour's policy of reducing dependence on tactical nuclear weapons is to be carried through, then Rhine Army will obviously have to be increased. The end of conscription and a 'non-nuclear strategy' seem on the present manpower figures to be simply incompatible.

Kenya

The Kenyatta Dilemma

A Special Correspondent writes: The excellent inter-racial atmosphere created during the Kenya elections could evaporate if a rapid solution is not found to the Kenyatta question. The difficulty is that the Kenya Governor is now committed not to make the final concession of releasing Kenyatta unconditionally – at least for the moment – and the Kanu leaders who should be forming the new government refuse to co-operate until Kenyatta is released.

Sir Patrick Renison's compromise solution of easing the conditions of Kenyatta's restriction, and allowing African leaders to visit the exiled leader, might have worked: if the Kanu leaders had agreed to go and see Kenyatta and find out his views, he might have shown his good intentions by asking them to form a provisional government without him. But this possibility has been precluded now that the Kanu leaders have even refused to visit him. Each of the leaders – Mboya, Gichuru, Kiano and Oginga-Odinga – has heavily committed himself to the


Vicky
SHARPEVILLE
MARCH 21.1960.
"... IT WAS A SMALL OCCASION COMPARED WITH MANY OF THE THINGS THAT HAVE HAPPENED IN THE HISTORY OF MANY PEOPLES"
– DR. VERWOERD
67 GOOD NEIGHBOURS DIED HERE
R. I. P.

electorate, and each knows that one false move on the Kenyatta question might end his political career. Personal rivalry between them precludes a gesture of compromise with the government. On the other side the Governor has so far found it impossible – perhaps unexpectedly impossible – to form a government without Kanu. The next move is up to him; and he has denied himself the obvious and tactically correct one of releasing Kenyatta, with or without conditions.

What is the calculation which has led him to his present dilemma? It it unlikely that he is particularly worried by the security situation, despite recent attempts by Sir Ferdinand Cavendish-Bentinck to rouse his interest in this old chestnut. He evidently wants to use the present half-way house to find out what Kenyatta is really like nowadays. Kenyatta will not speak, and he is getting on in years. Even the Africans who campaign most vigorously for him wonder whether he could be the driving force behind African nationalism that he once was, or whether he could grapple with the complexities of modern Kenya. Yet from the Governor's point of view, everything depends on being able to form a government acceptable to the mass of Africans and the moderate Europeans before the new constitution grinds to a standstill for lack of African co-operation. In practical terms Sir Patrick has perhaps a month in which to manoeuvre; and it is just possible that one way or another he may bring it off.

A possible compromise, which might be politically viable after a pretty short interval, would be to allow Kenyatta free, but not to allow him into Legislative Council for a fixed period (say a year or more) until he has revealed himself and has had a chance to adjust himself to modern politics. If the Kanu leaders would agree to this, Kenya could rapidly achieve political and economic stability. If they do not agree to something like it, then the risk of allowing Kenyatta into the Legislative Council a good deal earlier than the Governor would wish will have to be weighed against the near certainty of rapidly deteriorating race relations and economic chaos.

Mauritius

Birth Control or Starvation

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: One of the results of the improvement of health facilities in colonial territories since the war is the rapid increase in population. Whilst this can be welcomed in, for instance, the African territories which can sustain much larger populations than at present, its effect can be catastrophic in small island communities such as Mauritius, Malta and the West Indies. The resultant economic and social problems are clearly expressed in two reports recently published about the Indian Ocean island of Mauritius. The Labour Party government of the island is to be congratulated on its initiative in appointing Professor Titmuss and Dr Abel-Smith to study social policy and welfare services, and Professor Meade to report on the economic and social structure of its community. This is the first time that a colonial government has attempted to set up practical schemes of social insurance and health services before it has even become independent.

The choice which faces the people of Mauritius emerges starkly from both reports. Between 1954 to 1960 the population of the island rose from 420,000 to 650,000. The reason for this is a successful attack on malaria, a lowering of infant mortality and better health services enabling longer lives. But the birth rate is so high that four infants are born for every person who dies. At this rate, by 1982 the present population will have doubled. As there are tremendous difficulties in any rapid expansion of the economy, now almost entirely dependent on sugar production, this means that there will be less food, fewer houses, less medical attention and shorter education available for each individual, while unemployment will assume frightening proportions.

Thus, if there is to be any chance at all of introducing the social insurance, health service, school meals, free or cheap shoes, free milk, sickness and unemployment benefits which are proposed in Professor Titmuss's report, or the industrial effort proposed by Professor Meade, limitation of the population increase is essential. Professor Titmuss hinges his whole social security scheme on the statistical average of a three-child family instead of the present six to ten. The Mauritius government introduced a birth control measure some time ago, but was forced to postpone discussion of it because of the outburst of religious feeling within its own party and among the public. Its efforts should be reinforced by these reports, with their specific proposals for birth control propaganda and assistance. But it will need all its courage to face an electorate still widely influenced by the Catholic Church; now, however, it has formidable evidence to convince Mauritians that their choice is between birth control and starvation.

Westminster

Salisbury Plain

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes*: 'What on earth does the old goat think he's doing?' a Conservative MP asked the world at large as he read on the tape Lord Salisbury's attack on Mr Iain Macleod. The question, though rudely phrased, was important because this particular MP had signed the Turton motion on Northern Rhodesia and was therefore himself an opponent of Macleod. His anger had two sources, the Conservative dislike for those who expose the splits in the party instead of manoeuvring behind the scenes, and the even greater Conservative dislike for personal public attacks on colleagues.

Many Conservative members – perhaps a third of the whole – share Salisbury's views and instincts. They were with him when he exploded over Cyprus. They are with him in his conviction that Macleod has let down the whites in Africa. But the form in which he has delivered his latest attack, leading from cheap gibes about Macleod's skill as a bridge player into assertions that he is unprincipled, has bewildered and annoyed them. They cannot dismiss from their minds a feeling that Salisbury's own performance nowadays is not as much governed by principle as it might be; that pique, even spite comes, into it because he has not been able, under Mr Macmillan, to be the great power that he was under Sir Anthony Eden and even under Winston Churchill. They feel that this pique, bursting through this week, is bound to hurt the cause which they, and Salisbury, have at heart. They see still more members using it as an excuse for taking their names off the Turton motion and rallying to Macleod. The reaction to Salisbury's speech by so noncommittal a party drudge as the Lord Chancellor suggests how right they may be.

However, even though Salisbury's speech may have the opposite effect to the one intended, it does not mean that Macleod is yet home and dry. A much more skiful operator than Salisbury is at work against him. On form, one would expect the tough, ex-pug, ex-union boss, Sir Roy Welensky, rather than the scion of the House of Cecil, to use the sort of language which the Lords heard from Salisbury this week; but in fact Welensky when in this country, presents a smoother image. Without violent language – 'jelly bones' and all that is strictly for use to white audiences in Rhodesia – Sir Roy is now having man-to-man talks with Conservative waverers and, for that matter, with any Labour MPs who seem to have been softened up by Voice and Vision. He, and not Lord Salisbury, will determine whether the Tory revolt will develop to the point where the government has to give in.

* * *

Some 12 years ago, a questioner cried out at one of my meetings: 'I see that MPs are going to have their pensions raised.' The tone in which he said this typified the hostility which the general public feels towards any increase in members' pay. This hostility may revive with the latest proposals to increase the maximum pension from £500 a year to around £1,100 a year and to increase the Treasury grant from £10,000 a year to £20,000, even though members' own contributions would be increased from £18 to about £24 a year and the means test would be maintained. Are these improvements necessary?

Herbert Morrison once declared that if a politician was full-time he lost touch with the people he was supposed to represent. All MPs, Morrison argued, should therefore have a job in addition to their parliamentary duties. If it were possible for all MPs to do this, there would be a case for saying that no pension scheme would be necessary since members, earning two salaries, would be able to save for their old age, which they cannot do when inevitable expenses have slashed their single, parliamentary salary. Unhappily, for many, two jobs are an impossibility. Professional men, men with small businesses near London and those who live by directorships can do it – though even these do not find it easy if they do their full stint of parliamentary committee work in the mornings and of late sittings at night. For coal miners, however, or railwaymen or engineering workers, it is not possible. They must remain dependent on their parliamentary salary, plus the small subsidy which some unions pay to members on their panels; and when they lose their seats, they find not only that they have no savings but also that their skills have gone rusty and even that they are no longer physically up to their old jobs.

Pensions for such men are right and essential. They are equally right and essential for men in safe seats who, when no longer at their best, fight election after election because they cannot face the prospect of virtually penniless old age. If the House is really to be the Commons and not just a class assembly, such problems, for some, are bound to persist for many years to come; and though I personally would like the means test eliminated so that the members' pension scheme could be similar to those now established in more than half of Britain's industries, I hope that at least the present improvements will go through.

Fleet Street

The Royal Treatment

ARTHUR CHRISTIANSEN *writes*: 'Well was it *really* such a great success?' asked the *Mirror* critically on the morrow of the Queen's return from her Asian tour. 'Like the Commonwealth itself, the success of the Queen's tour . . . has been a kind of miracle', answered the *Daily Telegraph* from the other wing. The fact is that press adulation of the Royal Family is neither uniform nor unanimous. The recent tour is a good illustration of this. Long before the formal balance-sheets which greeted the return to London, the row over the tiger hunt showed that the Royals are by no means immune from criticism. Criticism in this case was not even disguised, as these sometimes are, by suggestions that it was not the Queen or Prince Philip but their advisers who were to blame for failing to anticipate public reaction. Kingsley Martin, warning in the NEW STATESMAN of trouble ahead, was the first to point out that it was bad public relations to indulge in tiger shoots in this day and age; but when the news broke, it was the *Daily Mirror* in particular which used the British public's blind affection for all animals, by now including even tigers, in order to stir things up.

Is the Royal Family sensitive to such criticism? The temptation to believe that Prince Philip's whitlow was a diplomatic one is overwhelming. If that be the case, he is to be praised for his ingenuity; for of course the Indian government, which organised the shoots, must have been staggered by the fact that they gave offence in the UK.

The Beaverbrook Press, which is the most aggressive watchdog on the Royal Family's behaviour, took no part in the don't-shoot-that-tiger fuss – apart from John Gordon who wrote emotionally about both the tiger and the rhino and their young last Sunday, but by way of balance was fulsome in his praise of the Queen. The Beaverbrook papers in recent years have been inclined to blow-hot-blow-cold on royalty. A month ago the *Sunday Express* devoted its leader-page article to an eloquent plea that the Duchess of Kent should be the recipient of more generous treatment from public funds, and this week the Duchess rated a leaderette for visiting a maid in Camberwell Hospital. But the same paper is just as likely to kick up a fuss when the next re-fit of the royal yacht takes place.

Lord Beaverbrook's papers as usual draw the fire, but even that pillar of Establishment the *Daily Telegraph* is not above occasional lapses into candour – as, for example, when it criticised the incorporation of the inclusion of the name Mountbatten in the Royal Family's names in 1959. The Queen herself came under considerable left-wing fire the previous year when she publicly declared her pride in her German ancestry.

There is one member of the Royal Family – and one only – who has established a position above criticism: the Queen Mother. She is in a class by herself – beyond reproach as far as the press is concerned. I watched her at work ten days ago when she attended a reception at the London Press Club. Close on 200 Fleet Streeters who were present buttoned their lips at her request. Fleet Street on its honour is the most honourable Street in the world; but the club members standing on £3,000 worth of carpets lent for the occasion by J. Lyons & Co., must have been under immense strain, for the Queen Mother shook hands with the lot and talked for anything up to five minutes to at least half the gathering, including a racing tipster who had chanced his arm that day by tipping her horse Silver Dome (which failed to oblige at Windsor).

The Queen Mother is Fleet Street's permanent favourite. Unimpressionable political correspondents accustomed to meeting great world figures drool with delight about their meetings with her. I myself never tire of telling the story of how 500 newspapermen were lined up in alphabetical order during a royal tour of South Africa to meet her and George VI. One *Express* man was received under the letter 'C', the second under 'R'. The *Express* was the only paper with two men on the job, and when she met 'R' she was so much on the ball that she commented on this fact. Even Mr John Gordon has never written an unkind or critical word about the Queen Mother.

The Royal Family are avid newspaper readers. All the nationals are on the Queen's breakfast table and Prince Philip also takes the *Guardian* (no racing programmes or tips), which is among his favourite morning papers. At one time open war threatened between palace and press over intrusive reportorial activities at Cheam School during Prince Charles's first few terms. The possibility of the Press Council's influence being invoked was said to have been avoided only by the tact of Commander Richard Colville, the Queen's Press Secretary, who met the editors for a heart-to-heart talk and thus secured decent privacy for the boy. So there, John Osborne!

Commander Colville is much abused in Fleet Street. But I always thought that he was first-rate in that, photogenic as the entire Royal Family is, he has refused to be stampeded by journalists into treating them like film stars in the matter of press hand-outs.

Facts About the Congo

BASIL DAVIDSON

Have you any reserves of astonishment left for the Congo? Probably not; but this week, all the same, has made some bumper offerings. Gizenga's troops have vanished from their foray into the Kasai as mysteriously as they came. Congolese leaders are meeting on their own, in the island of Malagasy, just as though the UN did not exist. And Mobutu, armed and paid from abroad, has felt able to declare war on UN troops in western Congo ports. Well may it be wondered, looking this week at the UN's effort to bring political peace to that country, if any great international operation has ever been so muddled, misconceived and misconducted. Formally, at least, the UN has had every possible chance: money, aircraft, troops, technicians, experts; even its mandate, though deplorably weak, was capable of skilful extension in the hands of resolute men. And yet eight months after the first UN troops arrived, the country is still in chaos; many people are destitute or starving; several little wars are being fought; the rabble of Colonel (sorry, General) Mobutu's so-called army is raping and bullying; four governments (if not five) claim to exist; and much of the UN's effort has gone utterly to waste.

This drastic failure – and it would be absurd to call it anything else – seems all the less excusable in that the problem of running the Congo was neither intractable nor even very difficult. The settlers mostly ran away. The Congolese themselves made no trouble (apart from the *Force Publique*, a special problem): they were pleased with independence and prepared to be told what they should do next. Only in one case did the civilian population become riotous and violent: and that, significantly enough, was when the people of Elizabethville rose against Tshombe last July and were put down with Belgian money and Belgian-backed force.

True, the country is large but the total population is relatively small, and at least two-thirds of these 14 millions are tucked quietly away in forest villages or fishing hamlets. The languages are many, but there are few inhabited places, however remote, where one or other of the three big *linguae francae* of the Congo cannot be used, or even French. All that the great majority of these people want, one may safely think, is a system of law and order they can genuinely respect: an African government, in short, which allows for regional loyalties and offers some clear improvement on the suffocation of Belgian rule. All they have got is misery and mess. Why?

Only three power-centres need be taken seriously. These are the 'governments' established at Leopoldville in the far west, Elizabethville (Katanga) in the south-east, and Stanleyville in the centre: the governments of Kasavubu, Tshombe and Gizenga.

Kasavubu's government is largely a sham. Its power is partly effective over the capital province itself, over some of the Kasai and most of Equator: roughly, the western third of the country. But this power rests on fluctuating companies of the old *Force Publique*, quaintly renamed the Congolese National Army, whose loyalty (at least outside the purely Bakongo areas of the far west) rests in turn on regular pay; and the pay comes mostly from the Belgians through Mobutu, who is their creature. Some of the money almost certainly comes also from 'quiet Americans': Mr Edward Kennedy, the President's brother remarked in a Washington broadcast on 21 December that 'Kasavubu is regarded [there] as a product of the Central Intelligence Agency.'

Foreign money apart, the stooge nature of the Leopoldville regime rests on two other elements. One is the strong Belgian element in its administration: by early October, according to the *Economist*, some 2,000 Belgians had got themselves back into Congolese employment. The other is the personal weakness of Kasavubu. He had seemed a man of

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strength and a genuine nationalist. He has proved a broken reed. Over and above foreign backing, Kasavubu and Mobutu have also benefited from the UN's curiously inept reading of its own mandate. Had the UN mission not prevented Ghana's contingent from disarming large sections of the *Force Publique* in Leopoldville last summer, the situation might be very different today.

The Tshombe government in the mineral-rich Katanga may be somewhat less of a puppet of the Belgians and of international mining interests (Katanga mining shares are mainly in Belgian, British and American hands) than it often seems to be. Tshombe, in any case, is far from being a man of straw: an ambitious careerist, he has given plenty of signs of knowing what he wants and of understanding how to get it. He too has had large quantities of foreign aid and, like Kasavubu, strangely soft treatment from the UN. For whereas UN troops entered all the other provinces of the Congo without special negotiations with provincial politicians, Dr Bunche (and Mr Hammarskjold after him) proved willing to argue with Tshombe as if he were *de jure* head of the 'Katanga state'.

Since then, of course, Tshombe had continuously reinforced his military position with powerful and practical help from Brussels. All the same, it is even now probable that Tshombe's Baluba opponents would quickly reduce him to impotence once that backing were withdrawn. Not that the Baluba would necessarily want to be governed directly from Leopoldville: on the contrary, they would probably demand a large measure of federal decentralisation – and this would not be difficult to give them once the Belgians and their friends were off the scene. There would be long parleys, but in the end there would be compromise. An ability to compromise with the reasonable realities of power has always been a component of African government.

In Stanleyville, a sweltering little city on the middle Congo where that most imposing of all African rivers thrusts a silver path through dense tropical forest, there sits a third government: that of Gizenga and the Lumumbists. They too have trouble with thugs of the *Force Publique*. But it seems they have less trouble than their rivals; they have little or no foreign money to offer in bribes and wages, and yet their authority persists and spreads. Their writ may not run far in any direction: what is important is that their influence does.

This influence is now dominant over nearly half the Congo, including the whole of Oriental province, some of Kivu (the long north-south border of the extreme eastern Congo) and parts of Kasai and Katanga; and it can certainly count on many supporters in the rest of the country. The reason is simple. The Stanleyville Lumumbists are the only political grouping which stands for the genuine political independence towards which Lumumba (with whatever failings) never ceased to struggle while he lived; and the cause of independence is still the cause that supremely counts with most Congolese. That is why Lumumba was murdered: had he rejoined his friends – or survived until they could rescue him – the whole Belgian operation would have faced immediate disaster.

Such is the broad balance of forces. On one side, the Lumumbists and the cause of political independence: on the other, Tshombe and Kasavubu (and some lesser figures like Kalondji) who are directly reliant on Belgian subsidy and 'advice'. In the middle, floundering in futile ambiguity, with few senior advisers skilled in African affairs, with even fewer top officials who speak French, there stands the UN mission. As things are at present, the confusion will continue and grow worse.

In weighing up international responsibilities, one is hampered by lack of information. How much help have Gizenga and Stanleyville Lumumbists had from African or Communist sources? 'Their foreign aid', reported an *Observer* special correspondent on 19 February, 'on the reckoning of a leading western embassy' – presumably ours – 'goes no further than eight Egyptian officers and some telecommunications equipment. It may not even include this'. American newspapers have put Egyptian and Communist aid at a vastly higher point; but they have yet to produce a scrap of worthwhile evidence. One can conclude that Gizenga has had a lot of sympathy, perhaps a little money, and a few odds and ends of equipment. It is in any case manifestly untrue that the Russians have intervened in any way that is comparable with the Belgians and their allies.

Nor is there any sign that the Russians have tried to win positions of special or exclusive influence. Yet the Belgians, right from the first, have given massive backing to the Leopoldville and Katanga outfits with the clear intention of getting their hands on the levers of political and economic power in the Congo. And to that end they have had the effective backing of the western powers: at least until President Kennedy's appearance on the scene. When, for example, UN Ambassador Dayal told the truth about Belgian plotting in his famous report of last November, the State Department (*Time* magazine, 14 November) declared: 'We have every confidence in the good faith of Belgium and its desire to be of assistance in the Congo'. Assistance to whom? To conserve the Congo as an exclusive sphere of influence in Cold War terms, the West has evidently been ready to pay the price of allowing the Belgians to recover the substance of what they so hastily abandoned though the price included chaos.

The first suggestion of a change came last month with Mr Kennedy's acceptance of Hammarskjold's plan to 'neutralise and insulate' the Congo. How much trouble and pain might have been spared if Eisenhower had taken the same line! Yet better late than never: the urgent need now is to accept 'neutral status' for the Congo: to abandon, that is, policies intended merely 'to keep the Russians out'.

The UN, too, has a new mandate; and this new mandate, allowing the use of necessary force, can serve its purpose well – provided the western powers will back it to the hilt. That is the vital condition. Outside the Congo, this means effective pressure for Belgian withdrawal of political and military agents. Inside the Congo, it calls for recognition of the Stanleyville Lumumbists as a vital and principal element in enabling the Congo to make a fresh start.

Once these pre-conditions are fulfilled, three things must be done. First, all rabble troops must be disarmed. Second, a conference must be called of all Congolese leaders who can show themselves not to be mere stooges of Belgium. Third, the ring must be held with impartiality while Congolese politicians hammer out the conditions of a settlement. None of this will be easy. But none of it will be as difficult as it seems – once foreign intrigue is at an end.

The First TV Election

TOM DRIBERG

Nobody who took part, even on the losing side, in the central planning and direction of the 1959 election campaign is likely ever to forget it; but I hope that one of us kept a detailed diary which may be published some day. It was an exhilarating and, in the end, a harrowing experience. There were the morning conferences at Transport House, under the brisk, articulate, ruthless chairmanship of Mr Crossman – attendance at these, apart from that of the party officials, being largely governed by the accidental fact that most of those concerned were contesting 'safe' seats in London or (like Mr Crossman himself and Mr Wedgwood Benn) had been released for this national task by understanding constituency parties. There was Mr Morgan Phillips's daily press conference – a virtuoso improvisation so brilliant that it regularly got the headlines and rattled our opponents into an attempt to imitate it. There were the telephone consultations with party leaders, on tour in the country, on the themes – and pitfalls – of the speeches they were about to make.

But the most fascinating and intricate part of the exercise was the devising of the party political broadcasts, especially those on television. It was no light task for a group of people, mainy non-expert – but with, of course, some invaluable professional help – to plan and produce, for broadcasting within 15 days, no fewer than five television programmes, four of which were 20 minutes long, as well as eight programmes on sound radio.

A decision had been taken, well in advance, to eschew the conventional discussion-panel formula and instead to model our programmes, in pattern and tempo, on the most successful current mazagine programme, the BBC's *Tonight*; and we were fortunate indeed in being able to borrow a *Tonight* producer, Mr Alasdair Milne, as our director. There was a constant, and fruitful, tension between the technicians of our production unit, who became restive if any item looked like lasting more than two minutes, and the politicians, who take a more generous view of their own ability to hold any audience spellbound.

Almost all the commentators contrasted the Conservative programmes unfavourably with ours; indeed, the Conservatives themselves, later in the campaign, seemed to be trying to emulate our livelier techniques. It was not until the post-mortems that anybody suggested that our programmes had perhaps been too good – 'slick' was the pejorative word – and that some viewers actually preferred the condescending amateurishness of the Tory programmes and found the fresh, efficient image presented by ours incredible, because there was too wide a gap beween it and the bumbling local aldermen who, to them, *were* the Labour Party.

However, we consoled ourselves with the tributes we had received: we could hardly, in any case, have deliberately made the programmes stodgier. We scanned many campaign reports and analyses – but all these, we were told, were of an interim nature: we must 'wait for Trenaman'. This would be the last word on our campaign. We waited.

Trenaman – Mr Joseph Trenaman, Granada Fellow and Head of the University

WE ARE IN DEADLY EARNEST

The 30 accused in the South African Treason Trial may be without legal defence in these last stages of the trial – because there is not at present enough money in the Treason Trial Defence Fund to pay for it.

THE PENALTY FOR TREASON CAN BE DEATH

It should be enough that their lives are at stake, but the right to oppose apartheid also stands on trial with them.

The prosecution may win simply by having impoverished the defence. And the prosecution—which is the South African Government—has endless resources for this long drawn out trial. You have already given £80,000 for the defence and sustenance of the accused and their families. The Government of South Africa has been obliged to withdraw its indictment against 66 and to hang fire against another 60 of the original 156 arrested on that fateful night over four years ago; and throughout the long struggle the families and dependants of those on trial have been cared for. But, another £30,000 is needed to see the trial of the remaining 30 to its end. All the magnificent help given them in the past could be made ineffective if we failed at the last hurdle. We must not, now, let these accused men and women down.

These 30 victims of apartheid and their dependants are looking to you for help. The 150 sponsors of the Defence and Aid Fund beg you to respond generously to this appeal.

PLEASE SEND YOUR MAXIMUM DONATION

(Cheques payable to Christian Action, please)

The Honorary Treasurer,
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of Leeds Television Research Unit – has at last arrived.* His assignment was clearly of major importance (whether its results were, broadly, positive or negative) in the history of communication; for 1959 (much more than 1955) was the first British general election of which it could be said plausibly that television might have an appreciable impact on the electors. Not only were there these more ambitious 'party politicals': the broadcasting authorities themselves were not required, as the BBC had been before, to observe a close season for political controversy; so, though still hampered by the Representation of the People Act, both services provided full news-coverage of the election and a number of 'properly balanced' presentations of candidates, such as the BBC's *Hustings* and Granada's *Election Marathon*.

How much effect on the voters did all this activity really have? Mr Trenaman and Mr McQuail (T and M for short) are too scrupulous to attempt a snap answer to this key question; for the more it is examined, the more difficult it is seen to be to isolate any one of the many influences at work in the complex process leading up to electoral decision. However, they do commit themselves to two conclusions: (1) television enlarged political *knowledge*; but (2) 'with three incidental and slight exceptions, no medium or source of propaganda . . . had any ascertainable effect upon any *attitude* changes.' The contrast between these two conclusions ought to stimulate politicians and broadcasters alike to profound and self-critical meditation; and politicians should also brood over the finding (italicised by T and M) that '*uncertainty in voting intention is strongly associated with a genuine difficulty in distinguishing between the merits of the parties*.'

Like other psephologists (if one may call them that) T and M have no great reverence for politicians. 'Familiar television personalities (like Richard Crossman, Wedgwood Benn and Woodrow Wyatt),' they write, with a note of donnish scorn, 'were used to establish *rapport* and perhaps to lull the suspicions of the uncommitted, and make the intrusion of politics into the home seem less alien.' However, their depreciation of the local candidate is less dogmatic and less wounding than the contemptuous 'veteran agent's remark "no candidate is worth 500 votes"' quoted with approval by Mr David Butler.

This unscientific over-simplification is indeed one of the absurdities of psephology: any analyst who says that there is no difference in this respect between town and country constituencies, or that such a candidate as Lord Boothby once was isn't worth 500 votes is talking manifest rubbish. Indeed, T & M probably give too little weight to this factor in the two constituencies which were the subject of their study – West Leeds and Pudsey. (These were chosen for geographical convenience and because 'the overall proportions of votes cast for the three parties were somewhere near the national distribution', but were not necessarily nationally typical in other respects.)

T & M ignore the fact that this was the fifth campaign in West Leeds of the successful Labour candidate, Mr Charles Pannell, and that he and his wife were therefore well-known and respected locally; and the equally significant fact that the Conservative candidate for Pudsey was completely unlike his predecessor, Colonel Banks – an idiosyncratic Tory who openly sided with Nasser. Whether or not their random sample was adequate (701 of the 112,554 electors in the two constituencies), they have used it with scrupulous care, and to some extent disarm criticism of their method by admitting in advance its possible imperfections.

It is difficult, however, to recommend this important book unreservedly, for a curious reason: with its photographic wrapper, illustrations, straightforward blurb, and text from Tolstoy, it *looks* like a book for the general reader, and could indeed be enjoyed intermittently by almost anyone. Unfortunately, substantial parts of it are written in the technical jargon of higher statistical research, which is completely incomprehensible to all but a tiny minority even, I suspect, of NEW STATESMAN readers. Sample:

> The assumption behind product-moment correlations of two-by-two tables (or point correlations, or Yule's phi) is that there are two distinct categories of response . . . the product-moment coefficient was considered more suitable than the tetrachoric for our purpose.

And a diagram showing the Labour Party image has a caption reading, in part, 'Distribution of factor loadings of attitude items as represented on a spherical surface.' A colleague to whom I showed this genuinely thought that it was a parody, by Parkinson or Potter.

One has no right to mock a superior science of which one is ignorant; but one is entitled to say that such a book as this squats uneasily on two stools, and that it might have been better to write the main part of it in plain English, reserving the abracadabra for a separate treatise for specialists or a long appendix in small print.

London Diary

CHARON

There is only one explanation that makes sense out of Macmillan's attempt to detension the conference and work for some face-saving compromise that might retain South Africa in the Commonwealth: not being strong enough to face the reality now and expel Verwoerd's South Africa, he is temporising until his own retirement. To preside over 'the dissolution of the British Empire' is too painful for an elderly Tory statesman in his last term of office. Whereas if all the unpleasantness could be put off . . . Later, from the sidelines, as a snugly-petted elder statesman, a duke-stroked, port-and-pheasant-lined Pontius Pilate, he could watch his successor preside over the dissolution of the Commonwealth, which a little fortitude might have averted. I wonder if there is any hope of the Commonwealth premiers – even one of them – catching on to this, seeing through the elaborate screen of *petit-point* that will be pulled in front of their eyes and simply refusing to be bamboozled. It's not so easy to see straight on this issue. Some of the most enlightened South Africans I know in London to-day, people who are prepared to risk their lives to save their country, have fallen for the line that Verwoerd really wants to be expelled. Don't you believe it.

* * *

Whoever organised the 72-hour anti-Apartheid vigil outside Lancaster House showed a very nice sense of public relations in picking Mrs Wedgwood Benn for the first shift, which went on duty at midnight last Tuesday. This was the shift to catch the photographers and Mrs Wedgwood Benn is nothing if not photogenic. She stood easily and gracefully, looking like limber-hipped indifference, while flash-bulbs exploded in her face. This was a curiously impressive demonstration although there weren't many people to see it begin. 'But why,' said one noctambulant rubbernecker, 'are they standing round Lancaster House as if it were a royal coffin or something?' I felt inclined to say: 'You damned ignorant fool! That's just what it is! There are the bodies of 72 murdered Africans in there.'

* * *

I suppose the editor of the *News of the World* is now busy seeking the guidance of the Press Council on the obscenities in the current issue of the *Quarterly Review*. The cause of his embarrassment would be an article by Dr R. F. Rattray *On the Lips of Living Men*. This is a fascinating survey from a philological and sociological standpoint of the roots of living speech. Dr Rattray traces the history of various key words, which carry a high charge of emotive and sexual potential, through several languages and centuries. Here is one of his most significant passages:

> The mother knew how to produce life. This was the greatest wisdom and so arose the symbol of the Great Mother. The root *cu* appears in countless words from *cowrie*, *Cypris* down to *cow*; and the root *cun* had two lines of descent, the one emphasising the mother and the other knowledge: *Cynthia* and the underworld term for the external female organ, *cunt*, on the one hand, and *cunning*, on the other.
>
> The knees were connected in the mind of primitive man with generation (as in the *couvade*) and in various European languages – e.g. Greek, Latin, Irish – the word for knee is cognate with the term for generation.

Note how science and scholarship support art – as represented by Lawrence's prose – in removing the taint of saloon-bar prurience from our Anglo-Saxon monosyllables. Dr Rattray's cleansing paragraph will surely wipe away all smirks – from even the most backward fifth-former.

* * *

Oxford in one of those precociously vernal moments, with flowers sprouting out of green grass and a low, grey yet securely dry sky, like a sun's vest – Oxford this week had peculiar charm. The modern generation of undergraduates seems to vary from the poised serious to the eccentrically beat. I eavesdropped on a conversation between a first year English student at lunch with an aunt. How could this girl be so delightfully balanced without being in any way priggish? Or am I losing all critical sense? Outside a truck-load of Beats roared by, playing noisy not untalented jazz, brandishing banners inscribed CORPUS FOR CUPPERS. This is an American style manifestation, not altogether an unwelcome one. The new student council is a sign of increasing native responsibility.

The Warden of All Souls. I caught him on his lawn, just about to visit his aged parents whom he intends to lodge in college, a worthy feat of gerontophilia. He had just returned from Cambridge, where he had been defeated in a motion at the Union trying to re-introduce the death penalty. I asked him if he would categorically deny the rumour that he had applied for the post of Public Executioner on his retirement? He said (wistfully, I wondered?) that he must deny it. He

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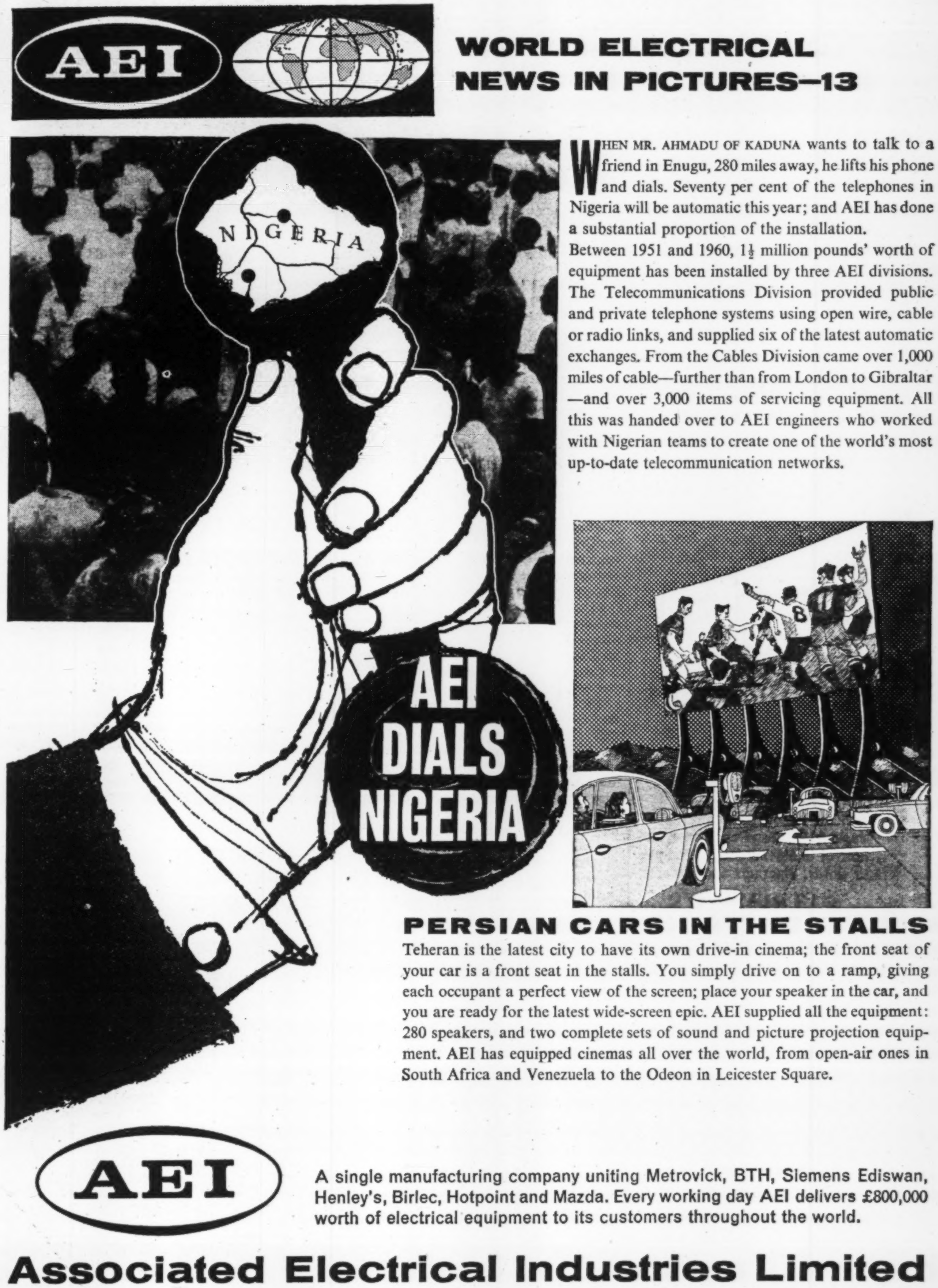
* *Television and the Political Image*. By JOSEPH TRENAMAN and DENIS MCQUAIL. *Methuen*. 30*s*.



AEI

WORLD ELECTRICAL NEWS IN PICTURES—13

WHEN MR. AHMADU OF KADUNA wants to talk to a friend in Enugu, 280 miles away, he lifts his phone and dials. Seventy per cent of the telephones in Nigeria will be automatic this year; and AEI has done a substantial proportion of the installation.
Between 1951 and 1960, 1½ million pounds' worth of equipment has been installed by three AEI divisions. The Telecommunications Division provided public and private telephone systems using open wire, cable or radio links, and supplied six of the latest automatic exchanges. From the Cables Division came over 1,000 miles of cable—further than from London to Gibraltar—and over 3,000 items of servicing equipment. All this was handed over to AEI engineers who worked with Nigerian teams to create one of the world's most up-to-date telecommunication networks.

PERSIAN CARS IN THE STALLS

Teheran is the latest city to have its own drive-in cinema; the front seat of your car is a front seat in the stalls. You simply drive on to a ramp, giving each occupant a perfect view of the screen; place your speaker in the car, and you are ready for the latest wide-screen epic. AEI supplied all the equipment: 280 speakers, and two complete sets of sound and picture projection equipment. AEI has equipped cinemas all over the world, from open-air ones in South Africa and Venezuela to the Odeon in Leicester Square.

AEI

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Associated Electrical Industries Limited

seemed to think that he was almost as much use to the abolitionists as to the retentionists: 'Whenever I speak for the gallows, they always vote against it.' Part of the reason for this strange advocacy in so otherwise humane a person as John Sparrow may be college tradition. All Souls has been notably bloodthirsty. I remember dining there once and being told by the chaplain to the late Bishop of Gloucester that the only way he could get his master to sleep was by reading him aloud the bloodthirstier passages of the Old Testament. 'By the time I get to hewing Agag in pieces or the stabbing of poor old Ehud, I generally get a snore.' Sparrow himself confessed to being fascinated by the Rillington Place story.

'What a house that must have been,' he said.

'Surely,' I said, 'you wouldn't like to have been head of it.'

* * *

Does the BBC still keep a list of Undesirables who are not allowed to work inside Broadcasting House? Not so long ago, well inside our own period, a friend of mine had a somewhat disconcerting if not, indeed, positively traumatic, experience. When this incident occurred he was a pillar of the public relations industry; his political opinions for the last 15 years have been indistinguishable from those of Lady Violet Bonham Carter. (During the Spanish Civil War he was a strong supporter of the Republican government and did some broadcasting for it in Spain.) He was asked inside Broadcasting House to do a relief journalistic job to oblige a friend during an influenza epidemic. While there, he was requested to fill in an application form. He pointed out that he did not wish to be given permanent employment; however, he wrote his name on a form. Two days later he was requested, politely but very firmly, to leave the building. He was told that any work for the BBC done by him should be carried out in his own home.

Lancelot Hogben's

brilliant history of mathematics, showing the discovery and evolution of mathematical techniques in words, diagrams and pictures,

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MACDONALD

A few days ago, being of an inquiring turn of mind, he put out feelers to ascertain whether this ban still persisted. It was indicated to him that should the same situation recur the same consequences would follow. It really does seem strange that, in these enlightened days, with so intelligent a DG as Hugh Carleton Greene, such obscurantism should persist. Possibly there are variations in practice between Portland Place and the Television Centre.

* * *

Marxists are nothing if not traditionalists. Apropos the three Russian entries for the Grand National, there is a strong precedent for the party line on steeple-chasing. Engels himself, the Red Doctor Number Two, or the General as he was more often called, used to hunt regularly with a Lancashire pack until 1870, when he moved from Manchester to London. Was he blooded? Did he get the brush? If so, why isn't it in the Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute? He was in any case locally famous as a goer. What the Lancashire squires and Mancunian business men would have thought had they known the revolutionary opinions of this tall, heavily bearded and moustached member of their hunt we can only conjecture. Marx was often apprehensive and would write from Soho or Hampstead begging Fred to be careful. Engels wrote back and reminded him that fox-hunting gave one a splendid first-hand understanding of cavalry operations which would come in useful either for the interpretation of military history or even – for Engels was always the optimist – in a civil war. It is interesting to note that Engel's views on the importance of fox-hunting for the cavalryman agreed with those of the War Office in the 19th century and far beyond. If the Russian horses run at Aintree – and it seems pretty certain that one of them will, if not all three – I should not be surprised to hear of a genial ghostly figure in the hunting kit of the early Sixties striding about the track buttonholing contemporary sporting characters with a murmur of: 'The time has come to change the history of hooves into the hooves of history.' Personally, I would be inclined to have a modest each way bet on the Russian horses. Their speed is a doubtful quantity but they can jump neatly as cats.

* * *

'You can sometimes get justice at the Old Bailey but you cannot get pink champagne at the Ritz.' This remark, I'm told, is attributed to Woodrow Wyatt at a cocktail party the other day. It certainly bears the stamp of his wit as well as his sophisticated *expertise*. Interested myself, I laid out a few hard-earned Fabian shillings on a cup of china tea and a sandwich at the table beside the fountain which was always supposed to be a favourite rendezvous of Edward VII. True enough, the wine list of the Ritz does not contain any pink champagne. The waiter seemed rather affronted at my suggestion that this was a grave omission. Politics apart, there are two views about pink champagne. Some say that it represents a degenerate American taste. I am suspicious of this view. I incline to believe that the penchant for very dry champagne – *goût anglais* – was a perversion of the palate introduced by Edwardian stockbrokers who were apt to be indiscriminate omnibibs. They would drink whisky and soda at one moment and fizz the next; they derided claret as red ink.

This England

Prizes £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The American craze for British air hostesses is not based entirely on sentiment. Our girls tend to have shorter legs and smaller bosoms which makes it easier for them to move about in a crowded plane. – *Time and Tide.* (Roworth Lintott.)

I do wish that launderettes would convert the glass 'windows' on their washing machines into metal ones. As a young single girl living in one room I have to use my local launderette, but I find it rather embarrassing that everyone else there – including men, quite often – can see my undies floating round and round for 40 minutes. – Letter in *Daily Express.* (Z. Masel.)

Lord St Oswald, Lord-in-Waiting, replying for the Government, would not accept that ITV had led to lower standards. There was more horror in 'King Lear' and 'Macbeth', he contended, than in any gangster film he had ever seen. – *Daily Telegraph.* (A. Cooke.)

An undertaker's advertisement displayed just inside the patient's entrance at the General Hospital in Heanor-road, Ilkeston, has been removed following visitors' complaints that it was in bad taste. – *Nottingham Evening Post.* (C. M. Lifetree.)

Mathematician in a Million

This year sees the retirement from the chair of Medical Statistics at Birmingham of that turbulent academic Lancelot Hogben. It is a landmark in popular science. Ever since the publication in 1936 of that masterspiece *Mathematics for the Million*, Hogben has been the leading and perhaps most honourable exponent of the techniques of popularising academic science.

In this capacity he has been a man of his time, meeting a particular need, which may be diminishing with the rapid development of scientific and technical education in our schools. His achievement has been to fill the gaps in the general knowledge of educated people who had 'missed out' science and mathematics. For the arts men of the Twenties and Thirties in particular, he did something like what John Gunter did for those blinkered millions who on the eve of world war suddenly felt the need to know about the politics and social organisation of the distant world. And he did it according to the highest standards, combining popular writing with important academic appointments.

The vacation now of his final professorial chair does not necessarily mean a drying-up of the flow of popular books. Indeed the reverse may be true: the latest, *Mathematics in the Making*, was published as recently as last Christmas. It does presumably mean the breaking of his particular mould of university life. His fellow-scientists will lose a colleague thought by many to be as awkward and cross-grained as he is undoubtedly brilliant and public spirited; his remote village in North Wales (where the children call him Lancelot and converse with him in Welsh) will see more of him, his academic friends less.

Friends? One of the strange – perhaps sad – things about Hogben is that he does not suffer friends gladly. He began his book *Dangerous Thoughts* (1939) with: 'My Marxist friends – the sentiment of friendship is, I fear, unilateral – perpetually assure me . . .' The meaning might not be crystal clear to The Million or The Citizen, but as a reflection of him it would be mirror-clear to his familiars, Marxist or otherwise. Unilateral on which side? The answer was (and is) irrelevant; the ambiguity was (and is) psychologically real. His intimates, knowing the nature of their man, would speculate: Had Harold Laski failed to return his wave that morning? Had Haldane dragged Karl Marx into another science article? Had Desmond Bernal made a cool impersonal remark about some cause close to Hogben's heart – and a current cause is always highly personal to him? Had Hyman Levy disagreed, mathematically, with something in *Mathematics for the Million*? No one would ever know for sure. One of Hogben's closest associates once said: 'Lancelot's world is a graveyard of unburied friendships'.

Yet Hogben, apart from being one of the most mentally-stimulating men in the world, is a man of impulsive friendships, a boon companion, given to wit rather than to humour, and no snob, professional or otherwise. His staffs, throughout his career, have reason to remember his comradeship – the unbuttoned freedom of his talk and the genuine personal interest he has taken in their affairs and their careers. He battled both with them and for them. His junior academic colleagues have never had any cause to fear his standing in their light; rather he lit their way. As one, now eminent, says: 'Three years of Hogben was worth 30 years with anyone else. He was terrific – full of ideas and as excited about yours as he was about his own. Never a dull moment . . . And flaming rows! But professionally that was all to the good and left no scars. What was disconcerting was to leave him, in glorious good-humour overnight and come in next morning and find him brooding resentfully over a remark you had never noticed yourself making the night before.'

Hogben has certainly never had any professional use for soft soap. During his pyrotechnic days at LSE, when he was fighting, against odds, for his Department of Social Biology, he appeared at the British Association and delivered an attack on the President, Sir Josiah Stamp, who happened to be one of the most influential governors of the School. He quoted Stamp's remark 'Perhaps birth-control for people demands ultimate birth-control of their impedimenta.' Hogben, in Stamp's presence, warned him that 'the younger men of science will not be slow to challenge the revival of the machine-wrecking mentality. The coming generation of scientific workers may prefer the alternative of making the business-man a ward-in-chancery.' To this Josiah Stamp suavely replied. 'I feel like the man who boasted that he had been kicked by George the Third.' Nor were Hogben's common-room colleagues at LSE enthusiastic about remarks by this intruder from the Natural Sciences, such as: 'Economics as studied at the university is the astrology of the Machine Age.' Nor his Royal Society colleagues when he remarked that he would have 'ploughed' Sir Arthur Eddington.

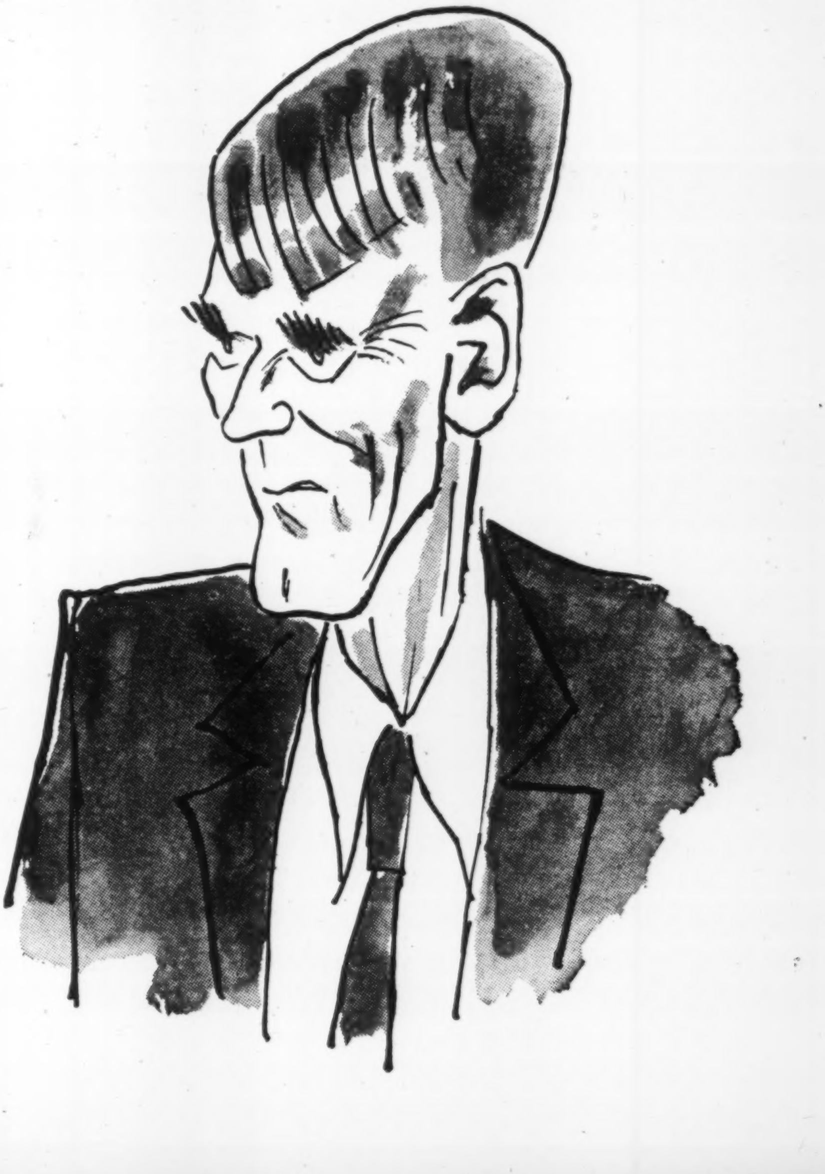
Lancelot Hogben came up by one of the hardest of all ways. His parents were Plymouth Brethren, and his father, a drysalter at Southsea, was a lay-preacher who thumped the Bible with such effect that Hogben practically knows it by heart. Thomas Hogben preached hell-fire and damnation for the unbaptised, yet would not have his children baptised until they reached the age of consent. Hogben, as a child, used to sit at the top of the stairs at night waiting to intercept the Archangel Gabriel to explain that it was his father's fault not his that he was unbaptised. Later, as one of the first County Scholarship boys to go to Cambridge, he endured the worst kind of bullying – social contempt – from the public school products whom he despised for the rest of his life. Such traumatic experiences explain a lot.

In the First World War he was a conscientious objector. After the war, when he was a lecturer in zoology at Imperial College, he was active in the Labour Party, campaigning in Limehouse for Attlee, and later he was a member of that unthanked group of now famous scientists who tried to get the first Labour government to accept a Socialist programme for science. From Imperial College, he went to Edinburgh as lecturer in experimental physiology; then, as assistant professor of zoology, to McGill. Then from 1927 to 1930, as professor of zoology at the University of Cape Town, he took up with professional courage and at personal risk the political cause of the Blacks and Coloureds.

The creation of the chair of social-biology at LSE was a surprising development in 1930, for the new professor brought actual living experiments into that bookish institution. He continued his zoological and physiological research but his social-science group, Enid Carles, Kuczynski, J. L. Gray and D. V. Glass profoundly influenced the thinking on demography and on the trends in population. His own experimental work, always of a high order (including the Hogben Test for pregnancy), were, during his stay at LSE, recognised by his election as a Fellow of the Royal Society at the age of 40 in 1936.

Thereafter, academically unimpeachable, he emerged as a populariser. *Mathematics for the Million* was written while he was in hospital. He wrote it as an amateur, as one who had been 'frightened by mathematics' while at school and who in later life had found excitement mastering it and conveyed his enthusiasm to paper. His mathematical-fever was infectious and his approach instructive. The book, for its kind, and indeed by any standard, has been a best-seller. He called it 'the first of the Primers for the Age of Plenty' and followed it in 1938 by *Science for the Citizen*.

After his tempestuous years in Houghton Street, Hogben found in 1937 what should have been a safe harbour in Aberdeen. He was appointed Regius Professor of Natural History, one of the oldest science chairs in Britain, with a good research tradition and, for his new role as populariser, the precedent of a previous incumbent, Sir J. Arthur Thomson. He was among well-wishers, like Boyd Orr and Dugald Baird, and (400 years after John Knox had introduced Scotland to popular education) he was free from his complex about public schools. The various



foundations were generous to his researches on the chameleon, on genetics and on endocrinology. The latter was personally unfortunate. Self-experimentation with his own thyroid-trouble left him with recurring thyrotoxicosis.

The break with Aberdeen came after a chain of incidents that *would* happen to Hogben. With his daughter Sylvia, he went to Oslo to lecture during the Phoney War. On the morning after his lecture, they were driving to the airport, when the German bombers came over and the Nazi invasion began. His father's Bible-thumping came to their rescue. By comparative philology, he had used the Norwegian Bible to teach himself the language and now he was able to persuade a milkman (in Old Testament Norwegian presumably) to drive them as near as possible to the Swedish frontier. They crossed and for months lived at Uppsala before making their way through Russia to Japan and thence to the US.

The result was an unfortunate book *Author in Transit* which, with his lectures at Wisconsin, kept him in America longer than his hard-pressed university thought necessary. In the resulting exchanges with Sir William Fyffe, the principal, Hogben took umbrage and resigned.

Birmingham grabbed him in 1941 as Mason Professor of Zoology. It did not see much of him however. He joined his old friend Professor Frank Crew, then Brigadier in charge of Medical Research at the War Office. The conscientious objector of the First World War ranked as colonel in the second; and, with what his colleagues in Birmingham thought was psychological over-compensation, he stayed on after the war long after Crew had gone back to his duties in Edinburgh. His biology and his mathematics had intermarried in medical statistics; the War Office provided him with a large well-disciplined staff and the army with plenty of statistical material. This military interlude is significantly not mentioned in *Who's Who*. He returned to Birmingam in 1947 as Professor of Medical Statistics. The switch from zoology may possibly have been connected with the fact that another zoologist (Professor Solly Zuckerman) was already well established in the chair of Anatomy and that in this case an old 'bilateral' friendship had ceased to be even unilateral.

His post-war excursions as an earnest educator have extended to an international language, 'Interglossa', and an interplanetary language to teach the Martians what is coming to them. But his main preoccupations have been visual and have taken the form of illustrated books of great merit and commercial success like *From Caveman to Comic-Strip; Man Must Measure; Men, Missiles and Machines; Signs of Civilisation* and recently *Mathematics in the Making*. They are not tomes, like the Primers for the Age of Plenty, in which he could claim succession to the French encyclopædists, but they have profoundly influenced the younger generation. Science is permanently the simpler and the richer for his efforts at popularisation.

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Guns and Murder

C. H. ROLPH

Last month's murder rate for England and Wales is always a shock. Any 'last month's'. It takes at least half a year for a month's initial figure, usually about 18, to be reduced by the usual third as the 'murders' are discovered to have been suicides, manslaughters, fatal abortions, accidental deaths, infanticides. The initial and the corrected figures for the past eight years are shown in the accompanying table.

The Home Secretary has recently intimated that 1960 is not likely to have been a very exceptional year, despite the bad initial figures (January 1961 has a bad figure, too) now being freely quoted as a reason for retaining the death penalty and perhaps extending its scope. Two points are worth remembering in looking at the eight years. 1957 was the year in which the Homicide Act brought back capital punishment, after 18 months without it, though the figures before and after the passing of that act are not strictly comparable because the act changes the definition of murder. And, as Dr J. D. J. Havard has reminded us, more than 100,000 people are certified dead every year without being seen after death by the certifying doctor; so that no one, certainly not the police, has the slightest idea how many murders there really are.

The very constancy of the published figures – every month, for the past 50 years at least, there are said to have been about a dozen murders, though the population has grown by 50 per cent – defies explanation except on the hypothesis daringly advanced last month by the Scottish Police Federation. In their evidence to the Royal Commission on the Police, the Scottish policemen suggested that one thing contributing to a deterioration in police-public relations is the requirement that the police supply annual crime statistics. This 'tends to create a feeling that the figures must be maintained at a particular level', so that 'the reporting of cases assumes an artificial importance'.

For fear that anyone should think this could never apply to murder figures, let it be said that a big and unexplained rise or fall in *any* crime figure is an embarrassment at the 'feeding end' of the statistical production line, having unconscious and unrecognised effects on the feeders-in. Crippling though this must be to the statistician, there may be no escape from it; but my own belief is that, even in relation to murder, it plays a larger part in the maintenance of an apparent 'average' than ever is likely to be generally understood.

It is an attitude of mind which, in turn, prepares traps for government spokesmen about the death penalty. It enabled the Attorney-General on 23 February to tell the Standing Committee on the Criminal Justice Bill that the hanging age must not be raised from 18 to 21, because, when gangs set out to commit crime, the individual chosen to use violence is often the member between 18 and 21. If that individual were denied the contingent prospect of the death penalty, he would be required by the rest to carry a gun. If, on the job, he killed someone with it they would all be murderers, but only the boy with the gun would, under the 1957 Act, be a capital murderer. This implication that, as things are, juvenile delinquents abjure the gun on their 18th birthdays is not supported by a study of the shooting cases over the past few years.

We have never bothered, in this country, to inquire into the use of firearms by 'professional' criminals during periods when the death penalty is in abeyance, though we have had two such opportunities – a seven-month period in 1948 and 18 months in 1956 and 1957. But Professor Thorsten Sellin, of the University of Pennsylvania, completed in 1956 a survey of police reports from 265 American cities which showed that the existence or non-existence of the death penalty 'deterrent' made no difference in the number of criminals prepared to use lethal weapons against the police.

Professor Sellin thought the United States offered a good field for inquiry, because all the influences that usually vitiate such comparisons – climate, temperament, historical background and the other 'national' differences – are absent. The biggest cities involved were Chicago, Cincinnati, Buffalo, and Milwaukee; and in the years covered by the survey, 1919-1954, 177 Chicago policemen were murdered, which was more than in all the other cities combined. In all American

YEAR	1953	1954	1955	1956	1957	1958	1959	1960
Initial figure	195	183	165	193	237	209	209	230
Final figure	141	145	133	150	154	126	141	Not yet known

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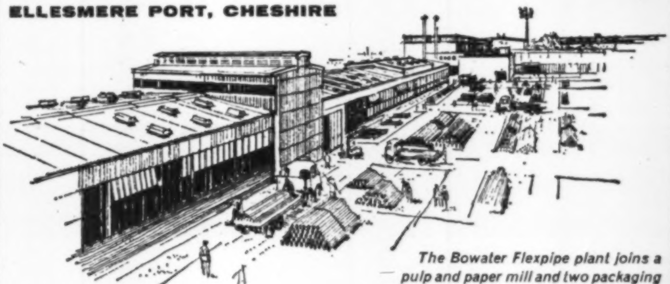

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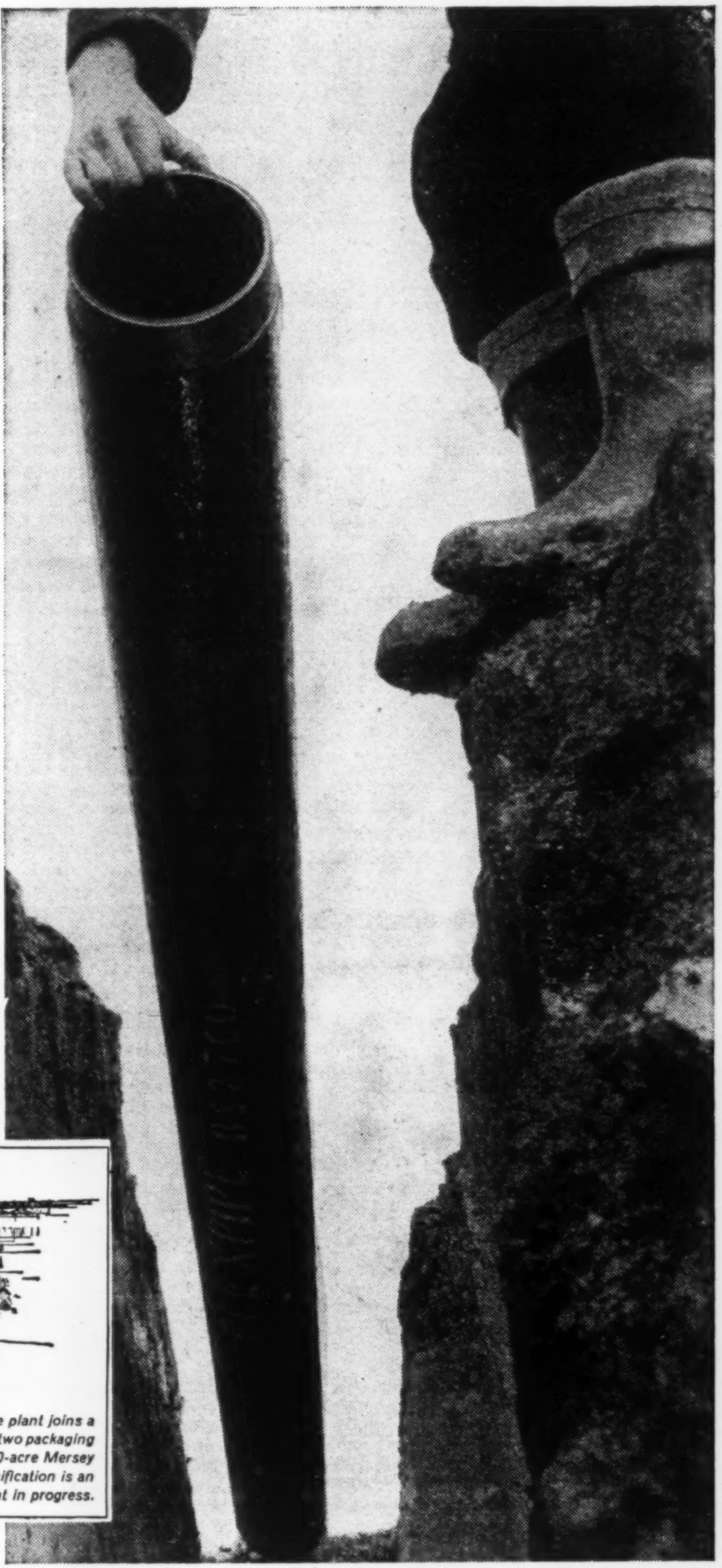

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cities the police are armed, whether or not (as in Chicago) the death penalty is in force. Professor Sellin found that in the six abolitionist states consulted the murder rate worked out at 1.2 fatal attacks on policemen per 100,000 of the population. In the 11 death penalty states consulted the rate was 1.3. Yet the police chiefs in the latter states thought that the death penalty was an 'effective deterrent' to the use of lethal weapons, while the six abolitionist states found that it was not. 'The argument upon which the police rest their opposition to the abolition of capital punishment', said Professor Sellin, 'lacks any factual basis'.

In most of the American states, anyone who is a US citizen and over 18 can carry, without any licence, a firearm with a barrel more than 12 inches long. All that the law seeks (unsuccessfully) to control is the carrying of 'a firearm capable of being concealed upon the person'. For example, the California Penal Code, Section 12025, says that for this purpose 'firearms carried openly in belt holsters are not concealed'. And the Second Amendment to the US Constitution says that 'a well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.' This is hallowed, rather than vitiated, by the fact that it was adopted in the gun-law conditions of 1790.

In England the Firearms Act of 1937, which looks effective enough on paper, except to the handful of people who can understand it, is in practice not much more effective than the American statutes. This is due in about equal proportions to its needlessly involved language, its maze of exceptions and escape clauses, its tenderness for the British tradition that a fine day is an occasion to go out and kill attractive birds and animals, and the misguided benevolence of the courts of Quarter Sessions. When a chief constable refuses a firearm certificate because the applicant has no good reason for wanting one, or because he couldn't be allowed to have one 'without danger to the public safety or to the peace', the disappointed man can appeal with a very good chance of success, to the magistrates in Quarter Sessions.

There are two ways in which the control of firearms should be tightened. First, the list of exempted persons and occupations ought to be drastically overhauled; and in relation to revolvers and automatic pistols it could be limited to the armed forces. Secondly, the customs control at ports should be far more concerned about incoming firearms than even about Swiss watches and the works of Henry Miller. The flow of foreign-made pistols and revolvers into this country, though probably less now than in the first five years after the war, is still a grave enough matter to justify ruthless measures. The alternative is not merely to go on lending colour to official mis-statements about firearms and the death penalty, but to facilitate some of the murders that no death penalty will ever prevent.

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TOMORROW'S UNIVERSITIES

SIR, – Just how silly can we become on the matter of university reform and expansion? Mr Gwyn Morgan seems to claim a share for the students in the disciplinary and planning powers of a university, as if some infinite wisdom resides in the minds of students fresh from school with two advanced level passes to their credit, which enable them to see solutions unknown to the lecturers and professors who have spent their whole lives working in the service of undergraduates.

And then there is Asa Briggs, who has seen that well-known Romano-British inscription (it may have been discovered at Piltdown) which declares that 'the location of Brighton makes the introduction of such a school [of European Studies] particularly appropriate and the school could attract students (and lecturers) from Europe'. All the world knows that Brighton never had much significance for anyone until Prinny first paddled there and certainly means nothing either to Europe or to Africa and Asia. If distance as the crow flies is the main consideration, then London Airport is the nearest place to the wider world and we ought to erect a university at Hounslow; but the roar of the Boeing 707's and the whine of Viscounts might make it desirable to expand Royal Holloway College at Englefield Green, which I believe the UGC intends to do; but this would not suit Armytage with his 'where there's muck there's brass' theory of location.

The main consideration in selecting a place for a university is the suitability of the site and the sympathy of the Town and Country Planning boys. Does Armytage really not know that the horseless carriage makes it easy for even the most remote villager to visit Scunthorpe? And does he not know that England is now just one big industrial belt with a number of native reserves, to which the captains of industry flee in expense-sheet, chauffeur-driven Bentleys? There is likely to be just as much brass around Shaftesbury as there is in Scunthorpe.

Argument about location will get us nowhere. What is important is the pattern of studies. When it was necessary to do something about keeping the Commonwealth together by setting up universities in Africa, the West Indies and elsewhere the model adopted was London University, whose syllabuses seldom make the news, though they offer in many cases precisely that flexibility and variety for which there is so much clamour. Does Asa Briggs really seriously propose to compete in the field of Afro-Asian studies with the School of Oriental and African Studies?

R. F. LESLIE

Queen Mary College
Mile End Road
E1

SIR, – Should it not perhaps alarm, rather than hearten, Professor Briggs that businessmen, who 'have long complained, doubtless with varying degrees of justice, that they do not get the kind of arts graduates they want from the universities,' are likely to find the Brighton proposals 'of particular interest to them'?

And why does Professor Armytage think that only with Scunthorpe at hand can the usual concerns of universities – *Anthony and Cleopatra*, for instance – have a 'tang of realism'?

KINGSLEY AMIS
E. J. CLEARY
S. W. DAWSON
R. F. HOLLAND
DAVID SIMS
PETER WINCH

University College of Swansea

SIR, – Please allow me to correct Mr J. Gwyn Morgan's extraordinary statement that the reading room of this library 'has accommodation for only 100 students.' There are in fact 506 working places in the library, 320 of which are in the reading room.

P. A. LARKIN
Librarian

University of Hull

THE FREE PRESS

SIR – John Osborne is behind the times. Paul Slickeys are on the way out. They are not only being cleaned up, but also polished off. Ironically, they are victims of the proprietorial superstition that helped to put them where they are. This is the belief that any publication, even a club magazine like the *Queen*, has the power of make and make. For the gossip columns are often the instrument of proprietorial malice to enemies and benevolence to friends. I know, because I was one of the Slickey boys myself.

My speciality now is what the readers are told is top society: debutante dances and the frayed fringes of the Buck House set. Once upon a time, before I got respectable, I had to worry about the marital, extra-marital and premarital convortings of the peerage and who sat with what at film premieres. No more. Most editors being former office boys anxious for an in with the right people, it wasn't too hard to con one into believing that I was a top man myself. The shirts from Harvie and Hudson (proceeds of a profile of Aristotle Onassis), the lighter from Asprey's (a present from a publicist) and the regimental tie (Clerk, Grade III, RASC) helped a lot.

John Osborne (I helped to make him, but I know I can't break him) can fulminate as much as he likes. I'm safe. My column disdains showbiz, including the theatrical knights and dames. I'll get no more telegrams from Frank Sinatra denouncing me as a louse and a disgrace to journalism. No, my column would rather have a minor peer's cocktail party ('Swizzle-sticks twinkled in Knightsbridge . . .') than the emotional revelation of a film star ('Lauren Bacall told me today of her secret heartbreak . . .'). And I must say it's a lot easier. In spite of Mr Osborne's beliefs, I never liked doorstep jobs. Champagne on the inside is better than cold shoulder on the outside.

Frankly, I'm very grateful to Penelope Gilliatt, Jocelyn Stevens and their friends. They've put the fear of oblivion into those Slickeys who enjoy their work and relieved men like me from the boring necessity of asking brides on their wedding day when the baby is expected. If

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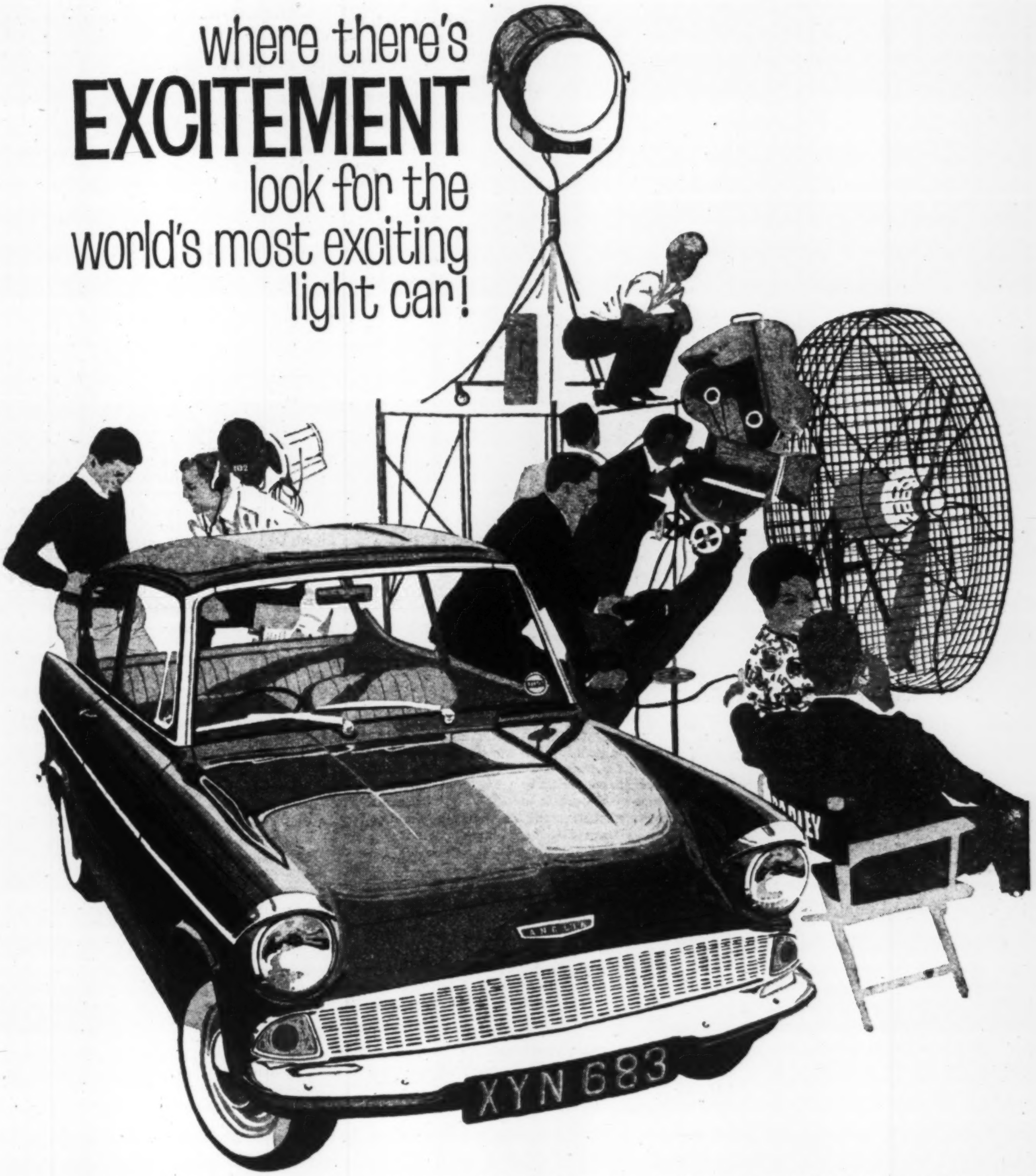

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Sir

EDITORS are seldom 'Dear' to their correspondents, a deprivation which probably worries them less than it would me. "Sir", the letters begin, in what sounds a hectoring tone; but the worst that is likely to follow is a stuffy "my attention has been drawn" or a pained "your correspondent is mistaken".

You can tell a good deal about a newspaper from its Letters to the Editor—because they tell you what sort of people it appeals to. Some columns tend to be preoccupied with Our Budgie, age seven, who can recite the whole first line of The Last Fight of the Revenge. Some are excoriated battlefields ringing for weeks with rival rallying cries about the origin of a nursery rhyme.

Observer readers show us, however, that liveliness need not be silly, nor moral indignation shrill. Of course this could be due to some sort of selection committee in Tudor Street. But I think not. This Editor does not censor (he certainly makes no bones about printing letters taking him to task for the occasional mistake). The letters simply reflect the natural good sense and mental vigour of their writers.

Urbanity and Wit

Another striking thing is that they correct the impression—hard to escape when one looks at some other correspondence columns—that writers to the newspapers are a special sort of exhibitionist crank. These are ordinary people engaged in a civilized exchange of ideas with intelligence, urbanity and wit.

Sometimes too, The Observer provides a forum for a point of view that would otherwise hardly get a hearing, as when it recently printed a long letter from Georgi Zhukov, Chairman of the Soviet Committee for Cultural Relations.

Reviews of Oxford lectures; working wives; the Honours list; doubts about Freud (and doubts about the doubts); Christian Unity—what a sweep and scope there has been in late weeks. J.B.L.

you think this indicates an unpleasant cynicism on my part, you're right. Fifteen years in the business have taught me many things that don't square with the idealism that impelled me at the beginning. It's a racket. Or, to be more precise, the part of it in which I work is a racket.

Lord Beaverbrook is in it for power, which has eluded him. Lord Rothermere is in it for money, which isn't a very good idea these days. Cecil Harmsworth King is in it for family pride, which happens to mesh very nicely with his desire for a quick dollar. And I'm in it for money. My conscience doesn't come cheap, but it's a purchasable commodity and my income from newspapers is rising while Rothermere's is falling, which gives me a sour satisfaction.

One day, when I've eaten my way through all the best menus in town, I'll return to the parsimonious honesty of provincial journalism. Not, of course, that provincial proprietors are any better really than Beaverbrook, Rothermere and King. It's just that provincial papers are kept in line by the knowledge that one unwise story can offend enough readers and advertisers to ensure a severe case of death. This is more difficult for a national paper to achieve, although several have been doing it recently.

It's a shame. I cry all the way to the bank. For there's no greater pleasure in life than being proved right profitably. I've known for a long time that the proprietors' greed for money had delivered them into the hands of the advertising media research departments. Hence the rise of my kind of column, with its proved attraction of A and B Class readers, and the fall of the Paul Slickeys, with their proved attraction for criticism from what sub-editors call 'Top People'.

For if Slickey reporters are 'pathologically resentful of criticism', so are proprietors – and for a reason that John Osborne will never believe. They find it hard to look themselves in their shaving-mirrors some mornings. Unfortunately for them and the world, they are simultaneously victims and beneficiaries of a relentless commercial process that condemns them to keeping newspapers much as they are.

I must say I get a good laugh out of the solemn antics of those earnest people who urge Royal Commissions on the Press. They obviously believe that newspapers are the conscience of the public, the bulwark of democracy, the Fourth Estate and all that twaddle. They've been listening to too many Rotary Club speeches. Newspapers are a business. We suck in raw material, not caring that it's other people's lives, and spew it out again in reconstituted form. The fact that most proprietors are inept businessmen doesn't alter the truth of this.

Do you know what I'd do if I owned a tabloid? Print the outside pages on greaseproof paper and the inside pages perforated into squares. Each section would have a powerful appeal for certain advertisers. And this pagination would be a fearless recognition of the paper's most useful roles.

But I'm afraid it would shock John Osborne.

PAUL SLICKEY
(Retired)

SIR, – John Osborne is once again bang on target in his strictures on the press and on the Press Council, although inevitably most journalists will shrug off his views about their job as being sour grapes following the effective hacking operation the London theatre critics performed on the perceptive world of Paul Slickey.

However, it is undeniably true that 'many newspapermen are pathologically resentful of criticism'. This is something which has always struck me as being a most curious trait to be found in a band of men who dish out invective willy-nilly to the high and not-so-high in the land and yet who, when on the receiving end of even the slightest adverse comment, scream like scolded children. What is the reason? I've tried to fathom out the answer for a long time now but am still searching. Maybe it is because so many journalists have started as youngsters at the bottom of the newspaper ladder on local papers, where they tend to get kicked around and where the local big-wigs are always right and the press invariably wrong. Brought up in this atmosphere where criticism is generally played down 'purely to keep the peace', as I heard one local editor put it, the journalist, when he sets foot in Fleet Street, feels he has come of age and is part of that great organisation which, as a French writer aptly put it, 'sets all standards and fixes all values'. The result is that they get an inflated view of their rightful place in society and become obsessed with the fact that they are part of the Almighty – and All-mighty – National Press.

This is just a guess on my part. I'm sure Mr Osborne has his views and I'd dearly love to know them for I am a journalist myself.

KEVIN HENRIQUES

94 Waverley Road
Stoneleigh, Epsom

THE GREAT DRUG RACKET

SIR, – Your article on drug costs was a challenging one. Certain aspects of the matter, however, appear to merit further consideration. The increase in profits shown by some of the ethical pharmaceutical manufacturers over the last ten years is indeed very substantial. A recent newspaper article written in defence of the present situation has said that the increase in profits showns by the drug companies is no greater than that shown by many other sections of industry over a similar period. Whilst this is mainly true, it does not take into account the enormous amount of money spent on sales promotion in the form of postal literature and commercial travellers which has, indirectly, to be paid for almost entirely by the Health Service as the purchaser of the vast majority of the drugs so advertised.

In view of the much repeated claim that high drug costs are necessary to cover research expenses, it would be enlightening if a company engaged entirely on ethical pharmaceutical production were to come forward with figures to show the relative amounts spent on research and sales promotion in any one year. From such figures it would be possible to assess more fairly the merits of their claims.

It may also be argued that the advertising is informative and thus a necessary service to doctors. Such an argument can only be substantiated in a small number of cases. If the advertising were genuinely informative would it be necessary for the Ministry of Health to spend additional sums on circularising doctors with their admirable 'Prescriber's Notes'? These notes are, in effect, maps to guide bewildered practitioners through the maze of conflicting claims and to point out the frequently vast differences in price between standard preparations and similar or identical ones sold under proprietary names.

Only in the final sentence of your article is the real issue raised; should the industry be nationalised? The case seems to be a strong one and this solution was recently suggested by a Conservative member of parliament. It is surprising that this outstanding candidate for nationalisation has not figured more prominently on the Labour Party's short list. Should not this be their logical reply to the recently imposed Health Service charges? Is it on account of the difficulties involved in nationalising companies with international ramifications that so little apparent attention has been paid to it? It would be instructive to know if these difficulties are in fact insuperable.

Apart from the very substantial economies which national ownership would achieve, a less spectacular, but perhaps equally important benefit would ensue. The research departments of the various companies would be placed under the central administration of the Medical Research Council and their present meagre resources thus vastly augmented. Although valuable investigative work is undoubtedly being carried out at present by many of the companies, research posts with them do not, rightly or wrongly, carry prestige within the medical profession. Promising doctors are thus discouraged from taking these posts as their chances of subsequently obtaining consultant posts within the Health Service are liable to be diminished.

R. W. SHERWIN

64 Cromwell Avenue, N6

USES OF SOCIOLOGY

SIR, – Thank you for your invitation for me to add a final word to the continuing controversy over my book, *Political Man*. Unfortunately, Mr Samuel's polemical methods make it impossible to adequately answer him in the brief letter which you request. He persistently reacts to evidence which shows that he has distorted or misrepresented me by bringing up completely new issues.

May I therefore simply call attention to the errors to which he has admitted, in each case without his making any apology therefor? He admits that his claim that I called Israel a 'backward democracy' is false, that the quotation which he attributes to me was his own. He admits that I have never made use of 'tests of statistical significance', although in his reply of 3 February he claimed to find them on at least 76 pages of the book. He admits by inference that there is no reference to a 'Norwegian by-election poll' in my book, although he again twice tried to insist on such a manufactured poll. Again inferentially, by bringing up another argument instead of answering the point, he seems to admit that his claim in the review that everyone according to me 'seems to vote Conservative' is also not true.

In my original lengthy letter I attempted to show by explicit citations to the review and to page references in my book that every single point made by Mr Samuel is a distortion, if not an outright manufacture of my opinions, methods, or evidence. I submit that Mr Samuel's admission that he has erred on at least four points attests to the validity of my charge. I have no objection to reviewers formulating negative judgments about my work. I do believe, however, that I have a right to expect that they argue with what I do say and not with what I do not say.

All I can do is suggest to those of your readers who are really interested in the issues involved that they read my book together with Mr Samuel's review and judge for themselves.

SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET

Yale University
Department of Political Science

[This correspondence is now closed]

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

SIR, – I disagree with Mervyn Jones that 'the only thing civil disobedience gains publicity for is civil disobedience.' But many people may share his views and they are worth answering. Didn't Thoreau gain a good deal of publicity for his objection to objectionable taxes by that method? TV, radio and newspaper will talk about nuclear disarmament in exact proportion as actions in its favour gather numbers and momentum and make news – whatever the news. We all know that. If I rode naked on a white horse through town with Nuclear Disarmament scrawled over my back (my front must obviously remain free) certainly some would ask why a normal, godfearing, polite woman like myself would do such a thing.

I emphatically disagree that everyone knows about nuclear dangers: it is astonishing how many millions do not. This is why one must try by all means to bring it home to them. Once their attention is caught in any way at all – by Godiva or a great philosopher of 88 sitting on a pavement – or any other means we in our ingenuity can devise, they will begin to seek motives and discuss the question. And surely it was only because the government was a bit scared of 3,000 good people, not 'vagrants', not 'riffraff', not 'down-and-outers', 'beatniks', or 'lunatic fringers' (whom they can persecute more easily) that the police were ordered to do nothing. That was almost the best proof of the influence exerted.

When my former husband Lincoln Steffens was in Petrograd at the beginning of the Russian Revolution, he recounted how thousands of people came out into the streets and just marched along. He pulled out one trance-like peasant, shook him and asked why he was there. The peasant looked puzzled and finally haltingly replied: 'We heard there was something wrong in Petrograd and we've come out to fix it.'

ELLA WINTER

103 Frognal, NW3

SIQUEIROS AND AUGUSTUS JOHN

SIR, – I was interested to read in Charon's column that Siqueiros, the Mexican painter is in prison without trial. However, having recently read Isaac Don Levine's *The Mind of an Assassin*, I am unable to feel any deep sympathy for Siqueiros.

Siqueiros joined Stalin's notorious NKVD in 1928. He was implicated in the murder of the young man Sheldon Harte, led the machine-gun raid which attempted to murder Trotsky, Mrs Trotsky and their ten-year old grandson. He was an associate of Mercador, the murderer of Trotsky, apparently arranging his passage to Czechoslavakia last year.

Augustus John, on the other hand, has never shown murderous intent; and so, while it is possible to compare the two men as artists, I cannot see how Charon is able to take the comparison further.

S. LESLIE

2 Simmons Close
Russell Lane, N20

[Charon's point was that imprisonment without trial is a bad practice – whether carried out by Communists or their opponents.]

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THE FORGOTTEN

About one and a half million Algerians have been torn from their homes and placed in Regroupment Camps. They were taken from their homes because of the Military demand for Free Areas. These Regroupment Camps have been encircled by troops; no entry or exit is allowed . . . imprisoned without the bare amenities of a Prison.

The situation of the camps is often in barren lands—scrubland without shelter, shorn of opportunity to find food or fuel. The basic allowance of food is miserably small; about half of what is required to maintain even a low standard of life. Reports tell of two out of three children dying of hunger and disease in some camps. Unless aid is rushed to them many more will die and leave behind a legacy of lasting bitterness which will destroy the future for which so many worthy people are striving.

A delegation of French Church Leaders visited the Camps and were horrified at the conditions they found. Naked children prostrate on the ground suffering from fever. No medicines were available. Some attempts have been made in recent months to improve conditions but many will die unless we can rush immediate supplies to them.

It is not for us to concern ourselves with the political issue. All we know is that tiny children and innocent people are again the victims of war. They have not the means to plead so we must ask for your help in their name.

We all have so many blessings, we feel sure you will not pass this appeal by.

Please make your gift out to WAR ON WANT*—cross it 'Algeria', and send to:*

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THE CONGO NEED IS STILL DESPERATE

BOOKS IN GENERAL ◆

Creative Definitions

ASA BRIGGS

With the publication of *The Long Revolution**, a series of linked essays of depth and quality, Raymond Williams completes a remarkable ten years' programme of work. *Culture and Society* was a fascinating critical history of a number of responses (including the author's own) both in thought and feeling to changing social circumstances since the industrial revolution. *Border Country* was a novel which expressed in a quite different form the impact of the same thinking and experience. *The Long Revolution* binds together and in many places extends, clarifies and strengthens what Mr Williams has said before.

His work has many complexities. This is because the contexts he is exploring are – or were – complex and because the terms which have been used in discussions about culture and society have many variations of meaning and reference. Such complexities obscure the basic simplicity of Mr Williams's view of a 'common culture' in an industrial society, the culture of a community of equals in which men and women are either valued as real individuals or, where that kind of closeness is impossible, by a common general respect. In such a community work and art would each have a new meaning. Men would be men and not 'economic men' or 'aesthetic men'. Learning would be the most valuable real resource of society, and education would become 'something which we should have to produce a special argument to limit rather than a special argument to extend.' Democracy would be the process of arriving at common decisions and going on to implement them.

There is nothing new in this view of society, the pedigree of which Mr Williams has already traced. It can be appreciated or resisted without knowing anything of the pedigree. What is always new is the particular configuration of forces which prevents its realisation. Behind each particular configuration, of course, there are economic, social and psychological pressures: some of these pressures are constant, others continuous – and, as Mr Williams shows, all are interrelated. He refuses to give priority in his own analysis to one set of processes over another; but in his conclusion he talks of a 'hard economic centre' and attributes the lack of 'an adequate sense of society' to capitalism, 'a particular and temporary system of organising the industrial process.' His work is thus in line with the main 19th-century socialist tradition.

In an obvious sense, indeed, his work is a commentary upon and an elucidation of that tradition. 'The long revolution' has brought socialism into existence in its modern form, but it has also helped to fashion the instruments of resistance to it. There have been three revolutions, interacting upon each other. The first has been the democratic revolution, created by and revealing both explicit conflicts in society and confused arguments about them. Mr Williams seems to me to understand this revolution very clearly. The second has been the industrial revolution, creating new wealth but also transforming social relationships. This revolution is treated more summarily, and I think that its nature may be obscured by Mr Williams's conception of economics as 'a system of maintenance.' The third has been a cultural revolution, involving the extension of the skills of literacy and of advanced communication to all people rather than to limited groups. Mr Williams deals in detail with some features of this revolution. The three revolutions, in his view, should not be considered separately.

> Our whole way of life, from the shape of our communities to the organisation and content of education, and from the structure of the family to the status of art and entertainment, is being profoundly affected by the progress and interaction of democracy and industry, and by the extension of communications.

The contemporary debate about culture and society should start, not within a specialism, but at this crossroads where different specialisms meet.

Mr Williams is concerned not only with making his own contribution to this debate but with clarifying the terms of the debate for other people. He has a genuine and unique personal contribution, grounded in his own experience as well as in his reading, but he stresses that communication is the process of converting unique experience into common experience. In his last chapter, he notes that when society is in a revolutionary phase it is not time for reasoned catalogues of sober achievement but rather for 'new creative definitions' – of basic terms like 'culture', 'communication' or 'democracy' and of contemporary counters of argument, like 'masses', 'elites', 'conformity' or 'consumers'. The forceful statement of these and of many other definitions has been perhaps Mr Williams's major achievement. They are all definitions in depth which summon the experience of the past to the aid of living in the present.

Among the terms which are sensitively examined in this volume four stand out – 'class', 'masses', 'market' and 'consumer'. Mr Williams has already written illuminatingly about the first two with a superb mixture of commonsense and insight, yet he adds significantly and forcefully to what he has written before. The third term was missing as a central unifying concept in *Culture and Society*, and its presence in this volume not only makes Mr Williams's historical argument easier to follow but enables him to link much of what he says about economics with what he says about art and literature. The word 'consumer' has often been criticised, particularly in debates on adult education which Mr Williams knows at first hand. But it has seldom been examined as critically as it is here: 'if we were not consumers, but users, we might look at society very differently, for the concept of use involves general human judgments.' So much contemporary debate rests on the thoughtless reiteration of these four words and their derivatives, along with a number of words borrowed from sales pushing and public relations, that argument quickly becomes confined and distorted. To a historian this might be interesting: to someone living now, it is often tragic.

There is one other particularly revealing definitional analysis, in which Mr Williams explores the relationship between 'individual' and 'society' He considers several descriptions – 'member', 'subject', 'servant', 'exile' and 'vagrant' – in an attempt to get past 'the impasse' of talking simply in terms of 'conformity' and 'nonconformity'. In the process the word 'establishment' is clarified also. Of course, within actual societies individuals may, he says, be 'members' in some respects and 'servants' in other respects, yet still feel themselves to be 'exiles' too. In this discussion of society, as in other places, I think that Mr Williams's enquiry would have been more complete had he brought religion into the picture: it has received little attention at any stage of his programme.

I also believe that he overlooks, as he overlooked in *Culture and Society*, some of the relevant writing and experience of the last quarter of the 19th-century. Before sociologists turned to the relationship between individuals and society, a generation of socialist rebels – many of them middle-class socialists – specifically claimed that socialism equals 'true individualism'. The late 19th-century revolt against customs and conventions deserves more attention than it has received, as does the way in which it failed (partly, but only partly, through limited success). The revolt is functionally related to the formulation of socialist gospels and to the release of human energy which gave momentum to the growing socialist movement. I think that it was a mistake for Mr Williams in *Culture and Society* to dismiss this period briefly as 'Interregnum'.

It was certainly not an interregnum in the history of many of the instruments of 'cultural expansion', like the press, to which Mr Williams devotes part two of his new book. This section, which follows the first four general chapters on the creative mind, the analysis of culture, individuals and societies, and images of society, is useful both for its facts and for its exposure of a number of historical simplifications, for example, that the basis of the new popular press was the Education Act of 1870, by means of which the ordinary people of England learned to read. It is by no means complete, however, even in relation to essentials. The rise and fall of the provincial press needs to be fitted into the story.

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* *The Long Revolution.* By RAYMOND WILLIAMS. *Chatto & Windus.* 30*s*.

The distinction between the 'pauper press' and the 'respectable press' did not hold in quite the same way in the provinces, where the effective press emerged before 1850 and certainly at first did not follow a general rather than an angled policy, as Mr Williams claims.

The point is not a peripheral one. The decline of provincial 'sub-cultures', a problem with which Mr Williams has not concerned himself, is a main if not a central theme in English 19th- and 20th-century cultural history, and the 1890's were a significant decade in this history. The economic background of that period deserves rather more attention too, particularly since it was a period of expansion both in retailing and advertising: the term 'great depression', used 'straight' by Mr Williams, needs a number of qualifications. Finally, in relation to the technical history of 'mass entertainment' the last quarter of the 19th century is of strategic importance. In 1896, the same year as Harmsworth launched the *Daily Mail*, the first public cinema show was given in London and Marconi arrived in London to demonstrate his first wireless experiments.

This is past history, although it impinges on the present. The last part of Mr Williams's book is the most directly challenging. In 60 pages called 'Britain in the 1960s', Mr Williams brings his general analysis to bear on contemporary society. There are some very telling points, but some of the recommendations (and analysis) seem to me unconvincing. Would it really help, for instance, to hold elections of at least a substantial part of the House of Commons every two years? Would not the main result be an increase in the work of the advertising agencies? And if there were fixed dates for periodic elections, would not one of the least satisfactory elements in the American political system be duplicated here? More seriously – allowing for the sound radical pedigree of the demand for annual parliaments – would it be easier to sort out our current social and cultural problems if social stratification were based entirely on money and actual position? My own reading of 19th-century English history does not convince me that more would necessarily have been achieved if the middle classes had been true to only one idea, that of going all out for money, power and position. Mr Williams's last chapter seems to suffer also from being confined to an English framework of reference. I can understand why it had to be so – good reasons are given in the introduction – but the debate on the questions Mr Williams raises will properly and inevitably range widely over space as well as time.

Ten years in a man's life is a good span, and at the end of his programme of work Mr Williams feels that it is 'like the completion of a particular stage in one's life'. During those ten years there have been marked changes in the mood and content of debate in England which have forced what Mr Williams says into the forefront. He notes that he did not foresee when he was working on *Culture and Society* that by the time it was published 'an important

continued on page 390

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

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BY C. P. SNOW

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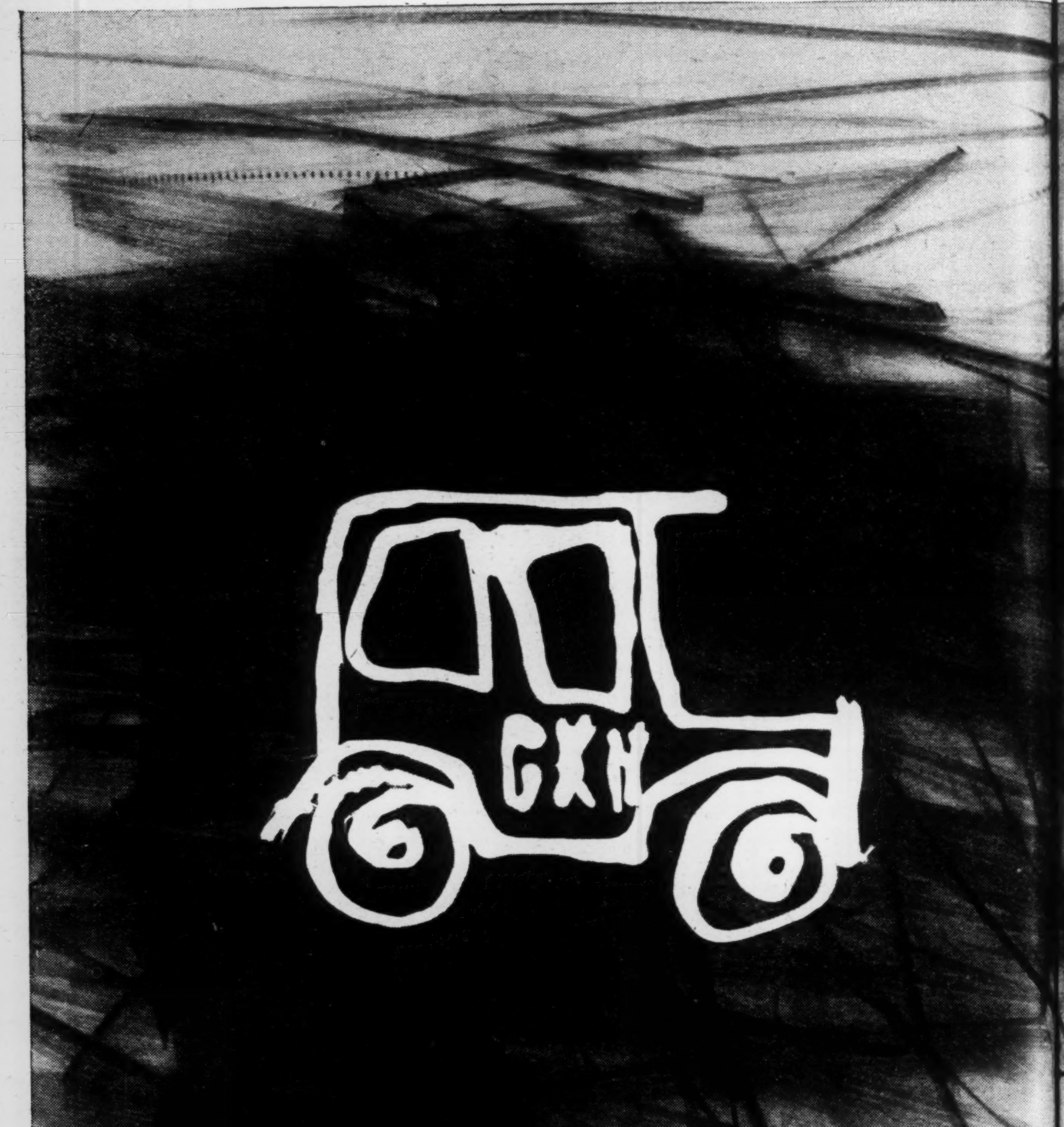
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part of our general social thinking would have developed along lines which included my own themes'. In 1950 cultural questions were peripheral even in debates on the left: now there is a much deeper grasp of what 'culture' and 'society' mean. Mr Williams mentions a number of books which have helped him: it would be possible to suggest an alternative list which would guide a reader to the same or to a nearby destination. Yet during the same ten years alternative views of society, including the recent re-statement of a very crude 'market view', have been canvassed with a considerable measure of success, and all the terms which Mr Williams rightly criticises have become more and more accepted. Mr Williams puts his faith in 'actual men and women', but he adds 'in the long run'. How long is the long run in the long revolution?

Pilots and Co-Pilots

Fate is the Hunter. By Ernest K. Gann. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 21*s.*

This is a documentary about the pre-war days of commercial flying, first in the United States and, after, during the war, in South America and all over the world. It is an evocation from the point of view of the men in the cockpit, the pilot and co-pilot. They are shown as technicians watching their instruments and then, suddenly, as human beings surprised by peril – all four engines give out; the aircraft is lost; it runs into violent storm; it is down to a few minutes petrol; it escapes collision by 50 feet; it is pulled down by ice and so on. These jabs of Fate are unpredictable and are opposed by the pilots' luck, their individual character, their hard apprenticeship and their technical intelligence, the *virtù* of the profession.

Mr Gann himself was a commercial pilot; he is writing about his friends who were not of the first lonely and desperate generation of flyers but who, still, were pioneers of passenger flying. The holes in the clouds were just as deadly in their temptation as they had been in *Vol de Nuit*. The pilots appear under their real names. He has been through their log books. Not many lived long. Although parts of the book are written in the attitudinising prose of posh journalism that hectors the reader into an exalted state of respect and alarm, the greater part is plain and always absorbing. Mr Gann is not in the Saint-Exupéry class and, in one sense, is the better for that: he informs. He leads our understanding into the deep technical interest of a dangerous craft. We shall no longer be the torpid, bored passengers we used to be; we shall be more exquisitely frightened and yet, somehow, far more confident.

All Mr Gann's characters are quiet, unoppressive heroes. We begin with the ruthless trainers who appear to be torturing their trainees, until they arrive at the hard core of the man. Then there is Ross, whom Mr Gann served as co-pilot; a fastidious, conversible man without side but with a built-in wariness and liable to terrifying ruthlessness. Ross takes a DC2 into a bad thunderstorm. Rain drenches the wind shield, pours into the cockpit; they have hit what seems to be a solid wall, the instruments dance. He has to shout to be heard for, in the air, thunder has no echo and goes through you like a cannonade. At one desperate point Ross coolly stands the aircraft on its nose, yet it is not diving; it is climbing. Balls of white fire seem to come into the cockpit itself. And so on – chaos. But thank heaven, Ross, the master, is at the controls. He takes the aircraft through the storm and then hands over to the wretched Gann. After what he has been through Gann has to do what he has bungled many times before; land a DC2 properly. He has screwed himself to the task when, suddenly the fiend Ross sits up and starts striking match after match before Gann's nose, so that he cannot see the instrument panel properly, and doesn't stop until altitude, speed and course are right. Of course, this was, for the first time, a perfect landing. Gann thought Ross was sadistic, jealous, mad, at the time. Afterwards he admired. Ross believed in the ordeal by fire.

After that there is an icing up over the Blue Ridge mountains and not knowing how far below the summits the aircraft is, the airfields closed. There are only 30 gallons in the tank when Cincinatti is at last declared open. How could they possibly land the frozen thing?

> He had to line up with a runway though he was quite blind forward, and he had to be right the first time. He could not skid the ship and so align it exactly during the last moments of the descent. The rudder in spite of our combined kicks, remained frozen. Thus he would be obliged to approach the runway at the end of a banking circle, keeping it in sight as long as he could and then at the last moment straightening out and holding a fixed line of flight . . . Hughen nailed the runway down somehow and held his descent as if sliding down a bannister.

But what worried Hughen was that he did not know what would happen when the aircraft left level flight. It is enormously to Mr Gann's credit that he can take one through these technical questions as they occur so that we are convinced that we understand them. He is a master of simple exposition and he does not overdramatise it.

Mr Gann's chapters are all well-chosen to give the alarming or mysterious aspects of flying; they are models of suspense appearing suddenly in the ordinary course of the trade. They owe their effectiveness to the careful and interesting way he has described the commonplace: the preoccupation of the pilots with regulations, flying hours, pay, seniority and behaviour, the idiosyncrasies of planes, the reputations of places. An east wind flows across Syracuse in summer time and is likely to carry fog and close the airport; in heavy summer rain it is safe to drop as low as 700 feet there. Radio reception is freakish in some places; Buffalo is liable to blowing snow that hides the runway in a minute. And peculiar qualities can be detected in the air itself: the 'foetid musty smell' that precedes or follows lightning, the stagnation and staleness of air masses that have been still too long, old air waiting to be pushed out by the younger and fresher. There is a long chapter on the first flight to Greenland that expands wonderfully well all that a mere passenger has caught a glimpse of in the cockpit; the peculiar state of trance as a night changes to sunrise. And there is another chapter about hanging about in Belem and flying over the Brazilian jungle which catches quite other sensations – among them the prolonged uncomfortable speculation that for 1000 miles or more there is nothing but trees to land on. Mr Gann is a writer saturated in his subject; he has the skill to make every instant sharp and important and we catch the fever to *know* that documentary writing does not often invite.

V. S. Pritchett

The Golden Ass

Not Such an Ass. By Henry Cecil. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

Artful, in fact, rather than asinine. Mr Henry Cecil has a sharp eye, and a kind of hilarious affection, for the numberless anomalies in the law of England. Lawyers have usually done fairly well by taking care of them, the leading caretakers making great fortunes; but Mr Cecil must by now be doing quite well out of making fun of them. The question is, remembering *Brothers in Law* and *No Bail for the Judge*, will ordinary readers take him seriously enough (he's not writing here for lawyers) in his present role?

They should. You cannot be as funny as Mr Cecil without a true sense of tragedy, and this appears often in his attacks on imprisonment for debt (which Parliament 'abolished' in 1869), on the withholding of costs from successful litigants, on judge-made law, and on the very odd fact that an innocent person wrongly found 'Guilty but Insane' has absolutely no right of appeal. On the question of costs, where the law inflicts its worst injustices and contemplates them with the greatest complacency, he states his criticism with beautiful simplicity: 'After all, the State appoints the Judges, and if the Judges cause expense by making mistakes it is not unreasonable that the State which chose the Judges should pay for the mistakes'.

But this very flair for simple statement leads him into minor trouble in his chapter on the very topical problem of 'detention for questioning.' Apart from certain statutory cases, usually concerned with motorists, he says, 'the police have no more right than anyone else to question people.' Canvassers question you at your front door, but they have to go away when you tell them to. You can slam the door in their faces. You can do the same with the police, says Mr Cecil rightly enough; but on page 21 he implies that, though they can lawfully ask you to display the contents of your suitcase in the street, you can decline without being liable to arrest.

He is against doing this because he is in favour of good citizenship and disapproves of larceny and receiving. But he would oppose the 'legalisation of the present situation' (i.e. 'detention for questioning') because 'it would put too much power in the hands of the police —it would mean for example that the respectable if obstinate old gentleman who refuses to show the contents of his suitcase could be taken into custody at once.' But this can lawfully be done already, where the obstinacy outvies the respectability: thousands are thus taken into custody every year, about 600 of them being convicted of 'unlawful possession' because they maintain their obstinacy in front of the Magistrates.

Mr Cecil devotes an invigorating chapter to road accidents. He has little time for the people who are in favour of 'increasing penalties, removing licences and so forth.' General legislation will do no good. For one thing there aren't enough policemen, and never will be until we double the pay, and for another thing, juries will not convict motorists ('the poor fellow was very tired; that's why he was lying on the back seat trying to steer with his feet. Not Guilty'). He wants a National No-Accident Day, with enormous advance publicity. 'If only seven lives and hundreds of bodies were saved that day, it could hardly be counted a failure'. It would show what could be done, setting a standard below which we should collectively hate to fall; and 'no other suggestion which can be put into immediate effect has ever been made'. Is it really too imaginative (as I think it is) for this country? It shows as clearly as any other passage the tenor of Mr Cecil's unusual and thoughtful book.

C. H. Rolph

Unconscious and Subcortex

Behaviour Therapy and the Neuroses. Edited by H. J. Eysenck. *Pergamon Press. 63s.*

Like everyone, I suppose, I have my favourite fantasies. One of them is that I am a psychiatrist – one of those balanced eclectics who 'warm their pot of soup' over the Freudian fire while at the same time making the most thorough investigation of their patients' constitution, physiology, allergies. In this fantasy Professor Eysenck comes to consult me. He complains that he is becoming increasingly concerned about his devouring hostility towards psychoanalysis. He feels that it is getting out of hand and beginning to turn him into a dwarf. We embark upon a course of treatment which, though it releases enough aggression to demolish half Harley Street, is ultimately successful.

If only this manifest absurdity could come to pass! The fact is, I am worried about Professor Eysenck. He is, I suppose, one of the most brilliant experimental psychologists of our time. His studies of personality are classic. You have only to read his popular or semi-popular essays such as the *Uses and*

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Abuses of Psychology to realise that he has an exceptionally lively and powerful mind with a useful gift for clear exposition. A powerful but not, perhaps, a strong mind. One senses flaws. Thus Professor Eysenck seems rather reluctant to give credit to their originators for some of the ideas of which he makes apt use. One example, I think, is his now well-known scale correlating emotional and political attitudes on the tough-tender: left-right framework. This conception was certainly formulated if not originated by William James; you will find it mentioned, if you look hard enough, in *Psychology and Politics*.

Another possible flaw seems to me to stem from his attitude towards facts. He has a passion for mensuration which would seem to be admirable in a scientist; yet I get the impression that he is sometimes almost obsessed with tabulation to the neglect of the facts themselves and their nature. I have heard it said, perhaps maliciously, that this is a form of compensation; that he had aspirations to become a mathematician and that when he failed he took refuge in the statistical approach. This is a fate which has overtaken more members of the advertising profession, and market researchers and social surveyors, than men of science.

Recently, Professor Eysenck's hostility towards psychoanalysis has become very much fiercer. Indeed, it seems now to have entered upon a new uncritical phase. In *Uses and Abuses of Psychology* (1953) he could write:

> There is much that is supremely important in Freud's contribution to psychology, but there is also much that is bad. To eliminate the latter, without losing the former, must be the task of a scientifically-orientated psychology. The answer to the question which forms the title of this chapter – What is wrong with psychoanalysis? – is simple: Psychoanalysis is unscientific. It is only by bringing to bear the traditional methods of scientific inference and experimentation that we can hope to reap all the benefit of its founder's genius.

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Now this seems to express a reasonably well balanced attitude. It might have led Professor Eysenck towards undertaking the vital task, which others such as Masserman and Luria have attempted, as yet with little success – in Luria's case because of the official Stalinist ban – of bridging the gap between psychoanalysis and a truly scientific psychology. That old eagle Pavlov himself pointed towards it in a reported conversation with Frolov when he said:

> When I think of Freud and of us physiologists I have in mind two parties of miners who began to drive a tunnel at the foot of a big mountain in order to come to light – the understanding of the human mind. But Freud started digging downwards and has dug himself into the labyrinth of the unconscious, whereas we shall some time come out into the open, into the air and light, and shall finish building the tunnel. We are certain to finish it because we are on the right track. By studying the relationship between the cortex and the subcortex we are already able to show the ways nervous processes, both conscious and subconscious, develop; we have established phenomena of cortical induction, have learned to reproduce the neuroses and have joined the clinic to physiology while Freud is only trying to guess the inner states of man.

Since 1953, however, Professor Eysenck and his followers – some of them, though not by any means all, for it is rather difficult to know whether a contributor to this volume is a willing conscious disciple or an unwitting fellow-traveller to whose paper Professor Eysenck has given a lift – have become very militant. If they go the way they are going they will certainly not join the clinic to physiology. Here is one key sentence from Professor Eysenck's own paper on 'Learning Theory and Behaviour' with which the volume opens:

> *Get rid of the symptom and you have eliminated the neurosis.* This notion of purely symptomatic treatment is so alien to psychoanalysis that it may be considered the crucial part of the theory here proposed. I would like to explore its implications a little further on.

One possible implication would seem to me the further step: *Get rid of the syndrome and you have eliminated the patient!* And note the logic employed, a unique mixture of tautology and prejudice.

Fortunately the papers themselves – there are 33 in all – are far more rewarding, though their level is variable. They have been picked from work over the past 40 years ranging from some of the early classic behaviourist studies. Among the most stimulating are two papers by Mary Cover Jones on Children's Fears and Their Elimination, and Edward Joseph Shoben Jnr's paper, rather oddly titled, 'Psychotherapy in Learning Theory'. This is quite non-sectarian in tone and takes into account the possible role of transference in any situation in which patient and therapist are involved.

Transference, however, is something which Professor Eysenck does not consider. How far Dr Wolpe takes it into account I am not quite certain. Dr Wolpe is the disciple closest to Professor Eysenck's bosom. His paper covers the same ground as his book *Psychotherapy by Reciprocal Inhibition.* Wolpe's consideration of neurosis and anxiety is undoubtedly a most important contribution; but his therapeutic method is so elaborate and can involve so many interviews, including counselling (one patient had 65 interviews over a course of treatment lasting 27 months) that it becomes quite impossible to rule out the transference factor. Anyone with a little experience will tell you how powerful this can be despite little social contact. I remember a patient of the late Dr Ian Suttie – a benevolent if somewhat wild medical psychologist – telling me that she used to go once a week: 'Suttie generally fell asleep and snored, but of course I interpreted that as a sign that all was well.'

In his summary Professor Eysenck claims great success for the most debatable achievements in this therapeutic field, such as the treatment of enuresis by electrical conditioning. Once he uses the language of the copy writer: 'a rational method of treatment based on well-known and experimentally demonstrated principles.' This is in contrast to the carefully restrained claims of H. Gwynne Jones in his exquisitely detailed paper on 'The Behavioural Treatment of Enuresis Nocturna', which is perhaps the most impressive single contribution to this volume. In his final conclusions Professor Eysenck is rather more moderate in tone, though he appears to be drawing an analogy between his and the Newtonian revolution with, presumably, himself in the major role.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Travelling Man

Looking for a Bandit. By ANTHONY CARSON. *Methuen.* 15*s*.

Like the Thurber dog, Carson country is unmistakeable. The trains are at war with the timetables. Every bar has its own con man. Mad commercial travellers fall violently in love behind bead curtains. The women are either lady wrestlers or fallen sisters of the impossible She. Snow falls in August. The streets are loud with the cries of abandoned tourists. From time to time the location varies (the present volume scampers through nine nations) but no matter how precisely Carson sets the scene, he always imports his own atmosphere. Forever travelling hopefully, *Angst* leaks from his luggage like confetti from the bag of a bridegroom.

Primarily, he is a romantic. Several battered removes from the innocent aboard, he transforms every journey into a quest. He seeks the heroic landscape, the perfect people. He likes gypsies, jazzmen, and souls in perpetual motion. Spain sets him on fire. Germany chills him to the bone. In Brighton he homes like a pigeon to a pub about to be raided by the police. In Camden Town he finds a body in his bed. An awful apprehension yawns beneath the bright, surrealist surface. Something terrible is always on the brink of happening. To keep moving is the only way to escape the deluge.

Also, of course, he is a humorist; truly original, and deeply funny. But his style – a haunting shorthand note of things seen and emotions felt – is a long way from what normally passes for comic writing. It was, I think, Colin MacInnes who admiringly compiled a brief catalogue of Carson's images. All sober sensitives should do likewise. When the going is good, Carson sees the world at a jog-trot. When the pressure starts to build, he accelerates. Either way, his view is that of a transient. Impressions are stamped on the naked eyeball. Notes are seared on the nerve. Impermanence is all and his vision is as piercing as the omniscient glare of an ancient mariner going down for the third time.

In a sense, Carson is a kind of super-tramp, but time to stand and stare is no part of his business. He is the master of the short take, and *Looking for a Bandit* – a collection of articles, many of which first appeared in this journal – is emphatically worth buying, reading and preserving. But there are soft spots. Brevity is not only the soul of Carson's wit. It also shapes the sentence, sharpens the style, and mints the image. Extended reflections – such as an ancestral hymn to the ghosts of Lavenham – find him becalmed. To reach peak form he needs the stimulus of train smoke, lumpy beds, and smudged visas. As a lotus-eater he would pine away. And – as every good editor will note – Carson is not expendable.

PHILIP OAKES

Organisation Man

Cromwell's Master Spy: A Study of John Thurloe. By D. L. HOBMAN. *Chapman & Hall. 21s.*

John Thurloe was not himself a spy at all; he was the head of a large and expensive intelligence system. As Secretary of State, he was personally responsible for agents both at home and overseas, both accredited and irregular. As Postmaster-General he organised the carriage of mail, and had it intercepted. As an MP he acted as spokesman for official policy; as privy councillor he was one of that intimate circle with whom, after long hours of high debate, Cromwell would sometimes relax, smoke, and even make verses. His accumulated *State Papers* were published in 1742, and have served historians since as a valuable source, both for the sake of the official records and for incidental information.

Mrs Hobman has used them for 'a study of John Thurloe'. But the seven folio volumes have little to say about Thurloe as a person, or about his part in making policy; nor is there much else to help. All we know is that he was a parson's son, who studied law. He got the patronage of the Solicitor-General, and rose to be secretary to the Privy Council, and a central figure in the Protectorate government, accumulating offices and importance. He served Richard as he had served Oliver; and he offered to serve Charles, too. He was charged with treason; but the new government valued his knowledge of foreign affairs, and allowed him to retire, to write more memoranda, and to die in peace. His papers, even his own letters, reveal almost nothing of his private life or his character – except that he consistently fell sick at times of crisis; whether on foreign affairs or on major-generals, he speaks with his master's voice and not his own. His opinions are restrained to the point of nonentity; in religion, as in politics, he ventured no further than the current cant, with due respect for the established powers.

Mrs Hobman's book, therefore, cannot be expected to give a comprehensive account of Cromwell's government and Thurloe's place in it. What it does is to give vivid glimpses of high policy from backstage. There are several cloak-and-dagger stories, which have the characteristic implausibility and purposelessness of espionage – and some of the romance, in farcical style – 'Holding the pistol to his breast, she replied, "Nay, sir, if you be at that work, have at you, sir".' There are revealing details of administration: how much would it cost to provide Mazarin with hay? Must the envoy to Moscow have his own cook?

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Successive incidents show that Thurloe was moderately corrupt; that his use of power could be both arbitrary and ferocious; and, of course, that he was indefatigably industrious. But perhaps it is his phrases in self-defence that are most revealing. Charged in parliament with having wrongfully arrested a man: 'if there was aught of irregularity in that exigency of affairs, I hope you will easily forgive us, it being for the good of the whole'. Rebuked by Cromwell for failing to reveal an assassination plot, he said 'that he had many such advertisements sent him, in which till this time he had never found any truth'. But his excuse elsewhere was more to the point – 'if we find no such person, how shall we be laughed at?' The official voice is all too clearly recognisable across the intervening centuries.

C. S. BENNETT

Savonarola

A Crown of Fire: the Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarola. By PIERRE VAN PAASSEN. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

Action leads to reaction. Savonarola's misfortune was that his own reaction against Renaissance tyranny and licence quickly led to a counter-revolt against his own medieval puritanism. In 17th-century England, Oliver Cromwell was lucky enough to die two years before they hanged him: in 15th-century Florence, Savonarola faced the flames and the scaffold while he was still alive.

In retrospect, of course, his whole career seemed to point towards the grim May morning in 1498, when a combination of crafty diplomacy, popular frustration, fear, bestiality, and bitter resentment brought the crowds out to watch the three Dominican friars hanging by iron collars from the stake in the middle of the Piazza della Signoria. Grandson of a pious Ferrarese physician, Savonarola himself had intended to be a doctor. In a worldly city, he had been worldly enough to fall in love: but his mother is said to have foreseen his 'terrible mission' when he was just 20, a lean, stubborn, red-haired young man with long pale hands, greenish eyes, and a rare, dazzling smile. Only a few years later, without telling his parents, he stole away from home and walked 20 miles to the Dominican house in Bologna.

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Pierre van Paassen's biography gives a vivid account of these early years and skilfully pieces together subsequent glimpses of Savonarola's apprenticeship as a preaching friar – at first unsuccessful, until some private key unlocked his eloquence, and the crowds came flocking. Equally vivid, and told with the sense of drama one might expect from a former newspaperman, is the complex story of Savonarola's move to San Marco, Florence, and his later involvement in politics: the deaths of Lorenzo de' Medici and of Innocent VIII; the French invasion of Italy; the overthrow of the Medici; the French withdrawal; and the setting-up of the new, 'Savonarolian' constitution. Even Mr van Paassen's triple chapter-headings, restrained but striking like *Guardian* headlines, contribute their touch of theatre to the familiar narrative; and when it comes to the set-pieces – the attacks on the French, the burning of the 'Vanities', or the martyrdom itself – he can arouse admiration and pity as well as mere excitement.

Technically, his book is not flawless. Despite a forbidding command of English, his diction veers at times from colloquialism to pedagogic humour. His scholarship ranges widely, but its presentation lacks both notes and bibliography, and his Index confuses two different members of the same family. Moreover, like many biographers, he tends to overweight the significance of his subject, in this case as regards the constitutional history of Florence. He might have taken more account, in particular, of recent work on the subject by Nicolai Rubinstein, who has pointed out that Savonarola was criticized by at least one contemporary as a 'foreigner' to Florence, and was certainly the partial captive of political traditions he imperfectly understood.

Personally, too, this portrait of Savonarola seems to me grossly flattering, suggesting as it does a campaign biography hoping to secure his canonisation. Certainly, the evils which Savonarola fought were worth his battle; but it isn't clear to me whether what Mr van Paassen chiefly deplores is tyranny, brutality, and perversion, or just exuberant sex. Ably enough, he defends Savonarola against those who compare him with Calvin; but he fails to face other charges – the cold funeral oration for his friend Pico della Mirandola, the would-be censorship of the classics, the spying and looting by his police. Defending the bonfire of the Vanities, Mr van Paassen points out that many of the pictures destroyed, including those by Botticelli, were 'of a lascivious nature', and he scolds the late Johan Huizinga for claiming that this caused 'incalculable damage to art.' This is unfair to a great historian, for what Huizinga actually wrote was *'onherstelbaar verlies voor de kunst'*, *'irreparable* loss for art' – a totally different statement.

Altogether, one's tempted into sneaking sympathy with the 'band of young men' who after the bonfire followed the friars home 'and hung around the convent singing obscene songs far into the night and did not leave until they had sprinkled some evil-smelling concoction which diffused an offensive odour inside San Marco's monastery and throughout the neighbourhood.' Or rather, one would be sympathetic, were it not for Mr van Paassen's earnest, likeable narrative skill, and the savage fate that awaited Savonarola.

RICHARD MAYNE

Men at War

The Battle of Matapan. By S. W. C. PACK. *Batsford.* 21*s.*

Climax at Midway. By THADDEUS V. TULEJA. *Dent.* 21*s.*

The Battle of the Atlantic. By DONALD MACINTYRE. *Batsford.* 21*s.*

The three battles here described were about as different from each other as sea battles could be. Matapan was a main fleet action fought by surface ships at point blank range and, effectively, lasted 11 minutes. Midway lasted for three days and, except for a brief intervention by a submarine, was fought entirely between ships and aircraft. The two opposing fleets never engaged each other. In the Battle of the Atlantic, lasting three years, every type of air and sea weapon was engaged at one time or another but, throughout, there was no fleet action. The three battles do, however, have three things in common. First, they ended in Allied victories. Second, each was, in its way, decisive; and third, each has now been described in a book of quite remarkable excellence.

Captain Pack probably had the easiest job in describing Matapan. The build-up to the climax is a comparatively simple one and the climax, when it came, would seem sudden and shattering even in the bleakest of official reports. Here was the Italian fleet putting, rather gingerly, to sea and a British fleet, for the most part elderly except that it included one aircraft carrier and was equipped with elementary radar, coming out to stalk it under Admiral Cunningham. If it had not been for his aircraft which scored two hits on Italian ships, Cunningham would probably never have caught any of the Italian ships, which were considerably faster than his own; and when he did catch some of them luck came into the catch, for a line of enemy ships suddenly came out of the darkness broadside on to his guns. Early in the war, when Admiralty chivied him for not sending in reports on the progress of gunnery in the Mediterranean, Cunningham had replied: 'There has been no progress in gunnery in the Mediterranean ... The most notable lesson is that the right range for any ship of the Mediterranean Fleet ... to engage an enemy ship with gunfire is point blank ... at which range even a gunnery officer cannot miss'. Now, at Matapan, the enemy was delivered to him at this range and three Italian heavy cruisers and two destroyers were despatched to the bottom forthwith. The Italian Fleet did not venture out again.

Off Midway an American Fleet had to tackle a greatly superior Japanese force. For the loss of one carrier and one destroyer, it sank four Japanese carriers and one heavy cruiser, prevented the occupation of Midway and achieved the turning point in the Pacific War: but how nearly the battle went the other way! Hour after hour, navy and army planes attacked the enemy and though an army high-level bomber reported that it had hit a cruiser which had sunk in 15 seconds – this turned out to be an American submarine which crash-dived to safety when attacked by its own side – no hits were made and whole flights were wiped out. But at last the luck turned and, by the end, a Japanese admiral had completely lost his nerve and the withdrawal was headlong. Commander Tuleja who, like Captain Pack, was in the middle of the events he describes, tells this tense story all the more effectively because he keeps calm.

Captain Macintyre also keeps calm about the Battle of the Atlantic, even when he is telling of the early and appalling losses we suffered: and he cannot rely at the end on a sudden dramatic climax which writes itself. What he can do and does, however, is to show how courage and brains, especially brains, at last overcame the handicaps of too few ships, too little equipment and too much wrongheadedness, often in the highest quarters. The slow and not always steady progress from disaster and tragedy to triumph now has the look of inevitability; but Captain Macintyre is able to show dispassionately how near we had come to defeat before authority would agree to the methods which eventually brought us victory. These three books are the real thing, clearly analysed and beautifully told.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

New Novels

The Child Buyer. By JOHN HERSEY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s*.

South of the Angels. By JESSAMYN WEST. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 21*s*.

A Middle Class Education. By WILFRID SHEED. *Cassell.* 18*s*.

A Ballad of Love. By FREDERIC PROKOSCH. *Secker & Warburg.* 16*s*.

John Hersey's new novel is extremely funny at the expense of the evils it attacks, often mercilessly so; but brilliant though it is, it never quite manages to touch the nerve of horror as it surely should. A satire on certain assumptions about education and on the superstitious awe towards both security and private enterprise common in the United States today, it is cast in the form of a verbatim report of the hearings before the Standing Committee on Education, Welfare and Public Morality of a New England state. The child-buyer of the title is a Mr Wissery Jones, agent of the United Lymphomilloid Corporation, a huge industrial organisation working on top-secret defence projects; the child he wishes to buy is ten-year-old Barry Rudd.

Barry has an IQ of 189: he is a potential genius, which puts him in the category of Exceptional Children, one with 'the retarded, the handicapped – deaf, dumb, clubfooted, spastic'. Jones seeks to buy him because his corporation has discovered a means, compounded of brain-washing, drug injections and surgery, of raising the IQ of genius to the 1,000 mark, at the same time inhibiting the normal instincts and affections and replacing them by the single feeling of devotion to the corporation; so conditioned, Barry will become a unit in the team of crippled geniuses working on problems of space travel.

The form Mr Hersey has chosen gives him plenty of room in which to dispose and develop his characters, who are all nicely differentiated. One of them, Barry's friend the juvenile delinquent Charles Perkonian, is a splendid comic creation, and in their different ways two of the three senators who compose the Committee, Skypack and Voyolko, are almost as good. The suspense – both of the steadily unfolding plot and of Barry's fate – is most skilfully maintained, and at the same time Mr Hersey has enormous fun with the gobbledygook talked by American 'educators'. And he succeeds in what must have been the most difficult part of the task he assigned himself – in rendering, through the boy's own words, a child-genius whom we accept as a child-genius, at least while we are still reading.

In the end, through the money it can offer and the appeals it can make to deep-rooted prejudice and superstition, the will of United Lymphomilloid prevails: Barry is sold and with touching dignity accepts his fate. *The Child Buyer* is a satirical novel of originality and power, enormously entertaining, and certainly not to be missed. But one can't help feeling it ought to have been more than it is. It is not simply that the account of the way in which United Lymphomilloid jacks up its geniuses to an IQ of 1,000 is extremely unconvincing. What is lacking is any feeling in it of *saeva indignatio*. One ought to be able to make the comparison with Swift, and one can't. I suspect that what is wrong with the novel, judged by the highest standard, may be summed up in the character of Senator Skypack, an extraordinarily funny bundle of all the American prejudices and assumptions that can be gathered together under the word Babbittry. He ought to be a moral monster; he is merely a figure of fun.

Still, *The Child Buyer* makes everything else this week look pretty small. Knowing Jessamyn West only by her American reputation, I found *South of the Angels* disappointing. The theme is promising: the first year of the development – in 1916 – of a housing estate in a rural section of California which has now been absorbed by the city of Los Angeles. I feel that if Miss West had been content to write a novel of social history all would have been well; but though she is plainly a very good writer she over-garnishes. Her satiric eye is very direct indeed – the realtor who is developing the estate is very well done – but when she sympathises with her characters her sympathy seems to me fatal, and she lapses into an uncritical folksiness which teeters on the brink of sentimentality.

A Middle Class Education is a first novel of some interest. Mr Sheed has something to say but I think he has still to learn how to say it. The main scene of his novel is Sturdley, a depressed college at Oxford inhabited by lost, bewildered students putting a bold face on things, chief of whom is John Chote, a depressed young man from the lower middle class and a minor public school, who doesn't know why he is there or, indeed, who he is. He keeps his end up by indulging in horribly facetious lifemanship. His experiences as a student on an exchange scholarship in the United States compel him finally to come to terms with himself. I found the American section of the book disappointing, and the novel would have gained greatly by ruthless cutting. Where Mr Sheed is good is in capturing that side of undergraduate life which expresses itself in boozing, wenching and the aimless high spirits and bravado which so often cover self-doubt.

Interesting to see that Yeats, Thomas Mann and Camus all in their time admired Mr Prokosch. So too have I; but reading *A Ballad of Love*, I am forced to think we must all

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

have admired a different writer with the same name. It is a very vulgar production, the Novel Beautiful written in the Prose Purple – pure *Kitsch*, in fact. Its hero, Henry, born in Austria, is taken to the States at an early age, and in the fullness of time lives in Paris and Morocco as a poet, dancer and gigolo emotionally fixated on his nymphomaniac cousin Stella, who is finally found dead from sex, drink, cocaine and Rimbaud in a Saharan oasis. The whole thing reads like a series of brochures put out by a highly expensive travel agency interspersed with menus of memorable meals *à la* Wine and Food Society and a variety of sexual encounters rendered in comparable terms.

WALTER ALLEN

Israel and the Church

Martin Buber and Christianity. By HANS URS VON BALTHASAR. Translated by ALEXANDER DRU. *Harvill.* 15*s*.

The stench of Auschwitz still troubles our nostrils. One consequence of this is that it is hard for Jews and Christians (using both these terms in their most inclusive senses) to speak to each other with that degree of candour a serious discussion of questions in theology and politics requires.

One remarkable Christian has decided to begin a serious discussion with an equally remarkable Jew; and it is the most serious of all possible discussions between Christians and Jews, for it raises the whole tangle of questions grouped round the two central affirmations of the two religious traditions: that Israel embodies a Messianic hope and is in consequence an exemplary nation for mankind; and that the Messianic hope has already found its fulfilment, that the vocation of Israel has already been satisfied, but in a way Israel refuses to accept.

Dr von Balthasar is a Swiss Catholic theologian who has written what is commonly thought to be the finest study of the work of the neo-Calvinist, Karl Barth. Martin Buber is the most remarkable Jewish thinker of our time who is well known in this country as a philosopher and theologian, above all through his essay *I and Thou* which has decisively influenced the thought of a whole generation. Both are eirenic personalities, not because they are soft-spoken, but because when they speak roughly and in such a way as to scandalise the hearer it is all the same evident that their intention is to speak the truth out of a concern for the truth and not for effect or out of malice.

That the people of the Covenant have returned to Israel and that nevertheless there is no serious question of restoring the priesthood and the sacrifices in Jerusalem, these facts symbolize the spiritual crisis of Jewry. It is in relation to the partial ending of the *diaspora* and the setting up of a Jewish political order that the mature Buber has attempted to define his position. He has passed from the liberal conception of the Jews as embodying a pure ethical monotheism and as being an exemplary people for *this* reason, to the very different view that the exemplary character of the Jews consists in the sacramental unity of religion, people and land.

Buber's thought comes out of a complex of intellectual traditions that are Jewish only in a very loose sense: Jewish socialism, the neo-Kantianism of the Marburg School and the 'life-philosophy' of Bergson and Simmel. All these traditions echo through the thought of Buber: the concern for the embodiment of justice in a concrete order set in the midst of history; a belief that the fluid and dynamic character of history and of thought is always in a sense betrayed and impoverished by the formulæ of philosophers and theologians.

But his thought has taken a new direction. He has used the battery of concepts derived from the philosophical schools to contend with the problem posed by the Biblical record, where already the Jews are placed under the sign of contradiction: as a people chosen by God and yet rejected; as called to live their lives within a particular land and yet dispersed; as creating a sacerdotal and political order to safeguard the holiness and the promise that belong to them in virtue of the Covenant with Abraham and yet corrupted by the values of this order and continually summoned to repentance by the prophets. The history of Judaism in the Christian era can thus be seen as continuous with the Biblical record.

The sign of divine election is still the sign of contradiction and the spiritual condition of deracinated Jewry reveals the judgment of God upon his people and the absolute necessity of their being rooted once again in the soil of Palestine. In words that no Christian would dare to use, Buber says that 'the intellectuality of the Jew is a tremendous fact, perhaps the most outstanding fact of his racial pathology . . . It is crippled, rigid, sick, twisted, unproductive, unrealistic and inhuman.' Where 'the religious forms [of Judaism] are divorced from their original foundations, they come to terms with the lowest and most depraved forms of capitalism'; and this represents 'the nadir of present-day Jewry'.

Buber has given much thought to the place of Jesus within the Jewish tradition and to the relations between Jewry and the Church. He regards Jesus as standing within the prophetic tradition; but the developed theology of the Church is for him vitiated by infection with elements altogether alien to Judaism. Balthasar sums up his indictment thus:

> Israel . . . is a real state, blood and soil, *civitas dei et terrena* simultaneously, and as such it is delimited in the same way that the man Jesus was delimited, by time and space and mission . . . But the spiritual people which you Christians claim to be, has no earthly consistency, not even that of Jesus, whom St Paul 'no longer knows according to the flesh'. But since in this material world the spiritual cannot exist incorporeally, you have been obliged to fall back upon a state which even we Jews have long since abandoned, the rule of the priests . . .; and once the prophet of tradition has been discarded the priestly power remains alone in the field, a monstrous anachronism. It is our turn, now, to point out your inner contradictions, the equivalent of and the parallel to the contradictions you thought you could discover in us; you go on talking about incarnation, but your God-man has simply distracted your attention from the human condition . . .

It is a measure of Balthasar's quality that he is prepared to state and to face the whole indictment; for in his view Israel and the Church are historically and theologically inseparable; and the first wound that the Church suffered, and one far more serious than the later divisions among Christians, was the schism with Jewry. It is a consequence of this schism that the Church should appear to be such as to give Buber's indictment the ring of truth.

J. M. CAMERON

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Anti-Cyclone over West Germany

DAVID DREW

These are sunny years for opera in West Germany: the new houses have been built or rebuilt, the companies bask in the rays of benevolent subsidies, and the storm-cones have been put away. The sheer abundance of activity is the envy of all and a constant attraction to singers whose homelands provide no such facilities. America's population of 150 million has to make do with one fully established opera house; England has two. In West Germany last week opera was playing in at least 34 State theatres, and that was not the maximum possible.

The operatic situation in Germany today is a continuation of a great tradition, but a tradition which could hardly be perpetuated in anything but a time of material prosperity. The administrative machinery for the provision of subsidies could not be more firmly embedded. (Opera houses may expect support from both the City and the Länder Governments.) But opera is the most luxurious of all the art forms and in times of difficulty it is the first to suffer. The crisis which befell German opera houses in the late 1920s after the great post-war boom is no more likely to repeat itself precisely, than is the specific character of the Wall Street crash. But there are certain affinities that should be noted.

Economic causes apart, the crisis of the 1920s was preceded by growing criticisms of prevailing artistic policies. To some extent these criticisms were disreputable, the cries of professional reactionaries in a world dedicated to innovation in every field. There was indeed a widespread spirit of dedication and the extraordinary phenomenon of simultaneous premieres of a new work in many different opera houses is unlikely ever to be repeated. At that time the duty of performing new works seemed, if anything, more important than the works themselves. To discharge that duty was like firing an eight-gun salute in one's own honour – it was a good advertisement at the very least, and a hit was not a necessary feature of the exercise.

The more constructive and sincere critics of the operatic situation in the Germany of the Twenties were able to point to a certain lack of real artistic criteria governing the selection of repertoire. But up to a point it was a case of too much theatrical talent and enthusiasm chasing too few real works of art. Today there is a surer standard, but also more standardisation. The guest system and the conveyor-belt system of reproducing approved productions sometimes threaten the identity of the individual companies, and seem to suggest that underlying the present proliferation of operatic performances there is a growing crisis not of finance but of talent.

In any publicly administered system which can draw on more financial resources than are justified by the most stringent reckoning, the surplus will tend to be absorbed by waste or incompetence. Where that system concerns the arts, there is apt to be an osmotic flow of creatively unqualified persons from administration to artistic direction. If the City provides funds for its opera, the City may be gratified if one of its friends is appointed chief producer. For after all, is not the production of opera a task which can be undertaken by any man capable of operating a house telephone from the tenth row of the stalls?

There is almost certainly enough talent in West Germany to staff its many opera houses, especially if one takes into account the many singers who have fled from operatic starvation in America, England and the Commonwealth. Unfortunately, the system is not designed for the proper dissemination of talent. In those few large opera houses which attract international attention, artistic principles are fairly well guarded. But the broader terrain depends for its real fertility on the numerous smaller houses in the provinces. Ideally, these should be a forcing ground for the talented and adventurous young, a place where mistakes may be made which would be unforgivable in a 'major' house, but which are at least made in a spirit of true artistic endeavour. With the assurance of a repertoire based on the classics, experiment would have a proper place.

Unfortunately, too many of the smaller houses in Germany are used as a kind of railway siding into which are shunted the ageing wagons that are no longer usable on the main lines, and with these, officials play a game of shuttles which has no relevance whatever to artistic problems. Small cities may build magnificent new operatic premises with every conceivable facility for the company and the public, and statistics may be drawn up to show that it is a finer building than the one in a neighbouring city, that it has an even more remarkable record of new productions, that critics travel all the way from Timbuktu to attend them. But the statistics do not prove anything, and the great glass and steel building with its revolving stages and huge rehearsal rooms and its 'small house' for ancillary productions may be no more than an airless vault into which Art is never allowed to enter, and from which the young and talented prisoners-of-contract wish only to escape. It is better to have a converted barn and a free play of talent than a metallic monster and a gala opening which opens nothing. But with merely a barn and talent, you cannot produce a glossy brochure and leave it on the desks of officials in the neighbouring city.

Germany is rightly regarded as a land of high musical culture, but the fact remains that in some German opera houses crimes are committed against music and against all artistic propriety which should never be tolerated in any healthy musical society. One hears of leading singers, and even an entire cast, being allowed to appear before the public in a new production without a single rehearsal with orchestra. One can find repertoires which over a period of several seasons do not offer a single Mozart production. One can witness the musical effect of cuts dictated by producers for 'dramatic reasons' which not only eliminate essential material, but which require the listener to make sense of a leap from the middle of the upbeat of one phrase to the tail of another phrase in a remote key. I have seen reviews of an unfamiliar opera which blamed the *composer* for his failure to comment musically on the death of one of his central characters when in fact that passage had been removed *in toto* by the producer and conductor.

We have no cause to be self-righteous about operatic conditions in any other country, but so long as Germany is regarded as a kind of operatic Garden of Eden on which the sun perpetually shines – an ideal towards which, with little hope and less money, we must grimly struggle – it is as well that we review the situation realistically. It is a paradise ringed with pitfalls, and the most fruitful parts are not always the most eminent ones.

Just how much can be achieved by a provincial theatre without massive resources but with the fullest possible exercise of available talent was demonstrated by the highly successful triple-bill of modern operas staged at Krefeld by the combined theatres of Krefeld and Mönchen-Gladbach. The programme included Blacher's *Die Flut*, Searle's *Diary of a Madman*, and Weill's *Der Zar lässt sich photographieren* – a most intelligent choice from both the musical and theatrical

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point of view, fully confirmed by the intelligence of the performance on both those levels. The occasion was especially noteworthy in that it revealed Reinhold Schubert as an outstanding talent amongst the younger German producers. Here is someone who works *from* the music, unlike certain of his older and more famous colleagues, who often seem to have looked at the musical score last, if at all.

After having seen 13 opera productions in Germany during the past fortnight, I am more than ever convinced that opera as a living art in Germany can only survive possible crises in the future if there be a full understanding of the function of the producer, and the most scrupulous search for, and nurturing of, those who are genuinely talented in this field. It is desirable but not wholly necessary that producers should be trained musicians, but it is essential that they understand the nature of music as they understand the nature of the stage. Without a corps of fine producers who can discriminate in all musical matters (including the competence of their conductors) the vast resources of the German opera houses are a mere emblem, of no cultural value whatsoever. The present fair weather in the world of German opera may not last for ever, and if the storm comes one only hopes that the right people will be in the places of command; for if they are not, the first to suffer will be the whole loyal cohort of humble singers and players on whom, ultimately, the art depends.

Over this whole situation, the *Intendant* of the individual opera house must carry out an unceasing vigil. In any state-aided system of opera, complacency is liable to add itself to the traditional operatic vices of snobbery and jealousy; and of the three it is complacency which is the most dangerous. (The others at least are a source of energy which the wise *Intendant* will know how to put to good use.)

The *Intendant* cannot by himself accomplish miracles, but if he is brave enough to take risks in a just cause, then a miracle (and in the modern world, successful *and* progressive opera is hardly less than that) may come about. Last week the Hamburg Staatsoper completed an eight-day week of contemporary operas drawn from their repertoire. It was a celebration of past achievement which Rolf Liebermann, the *Intendant*, must have regarded with justifiable pride. I shall discuss it in detail next week, but at this stage it is important to note that its significance lies not so much in the fact that it was a vindication of 'New Opera' as in the fact that it was the product of a creative and progressive policy. The lessons which it taught would have been equally applicable to a week of classical or romantic opera. The Hamburg Staatsoper is a strong plant, and it does not live only for the sun.

The Artist at Bay

BRYAN ROBERTSON

'What is pure art, according to the modern conception?' asks Baudelaire in an unfinished article, *L'Art philosophique*. 'It is to create a suggestive magic containing at one and the same time the object and the subject, the external world and the artist himself.' This quotation occurs in Jonathan Mayne's admirably lucid and precise introduction to his own translation of Baudelaire's *The Mirror of Art*, which I have just been re-reading. Much of the thought contained in the book has now entered into our general consciousness and understanding, but there is still a lot to be learned from it – as well as from Mayne's helpful marginal notes. To turn from Baudelaire's exhaustive characterisation of Delacroix to any possible analysis of Landseer is to walk from the jungle into the zoo.

The small, compact and extremely carefully selected exhibition of paintings and drawings by Landseer, now mounted at Burlington House by John Woodward, Humphrey Brooke and Derek Hill, is both revealing and absorbing. Designed to show us the better side of Landseer's work and the essential nature of his gifts, the show contains a mere token indication of those more obviously potboiling, large set-pieces which delighted Victorian society. Even so, only four or five small paintings and a handful of drawings survive the test of prolonged inspection. In these works, Landseer touches the necessary set of conditions implicit in Baudelaire's dictum: he *does* create a suggestive magic containing at one and the same time the object and the subject, for we are given the identity and the physical essence of the subject in terms of a truly plastic or graphic equivalent to that identity embodied in the marks made on the canvas or the sheet of paper. A vision of the external world impregnated with the artist's sensibility is provided for us.

It can be glimpsed in several small landscape studies at the Academy, concerned with the Highland scenery which Landseer loved so well, and notably in *Landscape in the Lake District* and *An Encampment on Loch Avon*. These were both painted in the early eighteen-thirties or late twenties; and it is clear from the evidence of the paintings themselves, as well as from notes in the useful catalogue, that Landseer was at his best at this time. These and other pictures from roughly the same period have a keen precision in the registration of thin paint and an absolute mastery of tonality that brings Bonington to mind, and it is possible that Landseer may have seen work by this artist in the mid-twenties in the collection of the Duke of Bedford. Other pictures painted on panels have the porcelain-like surface that we find in Renoir's work at the time of his efforts to become more classical and emulate the example of Ingres. The oil sketch of *A Harvest Cart* and the *Head of a Goat*, both painted in 1833, have this clear, enamelled quality in which softness of tone and delicacy of touch counterbalance the overall hardness of surface.

The drawings are particularly rewarding, superficially on occasion like Guys, Manet or even Goya; but too often the stronge urge to a bravura dash and bite in the line leads to something very near caricature. There are exceptions, however, in the thoughtful studies of birds in oil on linen and the pencil head of an elephant.

In other works, something of the mood of Continental Romanticism is touched upon. The shades of Courbet, Delacroix and Caspar David Friedrich appear, surprisingly, in some pictures. For the rest, an inherent weakness of sensibility destroyed the essentially fragile nature of Landseer's taste. Sensibility can develop and deepen the powers of the imagination; it is sensibility which guides a man's conduct of life and informs the ethical structure behind his actions. Stendhal said: 'Painting is nothing but a construction in ethics'. And we can get very close to the *ethos* of a Rembrandt or a Turner. Taste, on the other hand, is a by-product of sensibility and means only partiality of reaction. It can grow static or become precious. It can impose blinkers on an artist and effectively stultify his growth.

Landseer had taste, but it was delicate and small in compass, easily arrested and ultimately easy to corrupt. He had considerable technical dexterity as well, though nothing like the formidable reserves of Turner or Stubbs. His early animal drawings and paintings show very well this taste and dexterity. They show also the total lack of that mixture of fire and ice that Delacroix injected into the drawings of animals made on his North African journey, or that Stubbs concentrated into the steel-trap line of his horse drawings and the astonishing illustrations to his *Treatise on Midwifery* – the only drawings made in this country which can be compared with Leonardo's sketchbooks. Landseer owned a set of the horse drawings by Stubbs. His own drawings, by contrast, are soft and domesticated: they accept, they do not explore. His sketches contain no truth of movement. All living creatures are reduced to still life. And time and time again, a vision of art, a conscious old-mastery of line takes over and wins the day, particularly in his pen and ink drawings which too often resemble some of Rembrandt's exercises in calligraphy.

But the best work in the present exhibition has the undoubted technical brilliance which springs from dexterity in the service of a real affection for the subject. The trouble is that affection is not enough for an artist: it should be reserved for the domestic hearth. Love and hate, fire and ice, are lacking in Landseer. It is useless to blame the times he lived in, its worldly, complacent society. Other more passionate souls broke through it or ignored it, and to excuse Landseer for this failure is to lay the blame for a man's specious and materially over-ambitious career at the doorstep of his aspiring wife. The man has a weakness in him, ready to respond.

Devil and Saint

H. A. L. CRAIG

The Old Vic has not of late given us much exhilaration. It trundles on doing its worthwhile work in a worthy way, with only occasional leaps: Zeffirelli's production of *Romeo and Juliet;* Barbara Jefford's magnificence in *The Cenci*. But its excitements are at a distance. One looks back to Guthrie in the way one looks forward to the Aldwych.

Last Sunday the stir was in the Old Vic again. It let loose its small players, its spearmen who stand and waste, the boys whose business it is to bear Hamlet to the stage, in a one-night production of *The White Devil*. They seized their opportunities with a crunch. Their enthusiasm was their better part. They all but ran with their lines.

Certainly Webster provides. *The White Devil* is a mad-dog play that permits snarling. It is full of vicious facts, gloomy sarcasm, black knots of cynicism that – we know from the beginning – only knives will cut. What is left after seeing *The White Devil* is mostly admiration of the poetry of the evil in it. How great a hero is the fox when the dogs have him? Its characters are made noble and tragic only by the blows that fall on them. They die richly, asking questions of the dark, quizzing the grave: 'Pray, Sir, resolve me, what religion's best for a man to die in?' is a typical greeting to a walking ghost. Even Shakespeare did not search death like that.

Peter Ellis's production undervalued Vittoria Corombona, 'the white devil', shortening her in her trial scene and then leaving her out of mind at the curtain; but elsewhere it was an excellent carrier of Webster's infected poetry. The 'small player' Brian Spink showed how big he really is as the death's head Flamineo.

It was actor all the way at the Oxford Playhouse. Zia Mohyeddin carried *The Guide*, a moderate play, up to success. For two acts Mr Mohyeddin is like a snipe being shot at; he scatters himself at high speed, veering and plunging. In the third act, after six days fasting and metamorphosis, Mr Mohyeddin has slowed down. Hunger has given him two glass eyes. In his struggling for a few breaths in the heat and drought of South India he gives us sunstroke with him.

But *The Guide*, adapted from a novel by R. K. Narayan, is injured by its own slickness; it's 'as wise as lawyer-guys' and stupidly clever. Raju, an escaped convict, is mistaken for a holy man by some villagers. At first he plays them – symbolised by a game of Human Chess – but they, wise gorms, end by playing him. He is forced into a fast to bring rain and in this agony becomes his own deception, a holy man. Meanwhile the villagers discover that a saint attracting tourists is preferable to one attracting rain.

And so on. It's a theme we know in other forms. The failure of *The Guide* is its failure to make its theme sink below the entertainments on the surface of the play. It appears to be profound but never is. One cannot forgive it its tricks. But it has Zia Mohyeddin and so an evening at the Oxford Playhouse will not be easily forgotten. George Murcell, Michael Bates and the beautiful, dancing Yolanda give very strong support; Frank Hauser directs with precision.

Hancock Overcrowded

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Like Thurber, he goes deep. At the sight of this lumpish dandy the Unconscious gives a lurch: our own ambitions, rhetorics, fatuous dreams, and dire panics are stirred. Haven't we all – to recall one of his torments – inhabited the room where someone next door has designs (by, say, sawing at a bed foot or some other metal in the small hours) on our sanity if not on our life Don't we too purchase a splendid overcoat, to be smothered in mothballs or deployed into some café where our integument will require behaviour of a high order? The tone is always going just wrong.

Hancock personifies anti-security. In weekly half-hours he amused and befuddled: his appeal was irresistible, but a syndrome of the dumps, the dervishes, and back to subnormal was established. Comedy, like tragedy, purges – but only till next time. We had to have more Hancock, and Hancock had to have Sid James or his act would be all sulks and musings, and where then would be the fun? Just when we had made the habit of him, Sid James (to whom from time

LONDON

On Independent Television
next Thursday at 9.35 p.m.

THE BALANCE OF HER MIND
by Ivan Noë and A. Lenou

French writers have proved themselves masters of the psychological thriller. Here a puzzle of conflicting characters and emotions confuses a seemingly clear-cut issue. Kitty Black, well known for her translations of Anouilh and Sartre, discovered the script of this play on a visit to Paris. Next Thursday's Television Playhouse shows how skilfully the translation and adaptation have sustained the dramatic situation and overcome the artificiality of English actors playing French characters. Renee Asherson, Kenneth Mackintosh, Gene Anderson and Derek Blomfield star in this mystery set in a villa at Antibes. 'The Balance of Her Mind' is directed by Geoffrey Hughes.

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to time we might transfer our affections) went, and of course *he* went; and now after a gap he comes up again, alone, on film.

It can't be pretended that *The Rebel* (Plaza) takes up where we left off or breaks new ground. British films are not attuned to a real comedian, having their own tradition of funniness (heaven help us) which would glue the steps of any original. How on earth are we to deal with him? is written all over the production of *The Rebel*. The director, Robert Day, does his best, but flounders, afraid his subject may not be funny enough; and so sometimes there is a resort to stylisation (*A Nous la Liberté* without the touch), sometimes even subsidiary farce is lugged in.

Hancock – as you probably know by now – is a Sunday painter who flings up accountancy to go to Paris and be himself; his daubs are charming, but a whole cornucopia of Art Jokes has to pour out, involving Existentialism, Dali and his cow, action painting, and finally – in a scriptwriter's last fling – art-dealing, yachts and millionaires' young wives. Mind you, this is partly the Hancock gang's fault; he brought his scriptwriters, Alan Simpson and Ray Galton, with him. But since they were new to films, films should have run to meet them. Nothing of the kind has happened. *The Rebel* stands still.

But at least, not advancing, it has embraced in its hour and 40 minutes (which should have been much less) quite a bit of Hancock. He chips at a huge concrete female figure in his digs, Pygmalion dauntless, or Baudelaire on the slopes of his mulatto; he scrawls office likenesses where columns of figures should be and explodes on his boss; revels in the lower reaches of Bohemianism, flings a final 'You're all mad' at the audience. His true accomplice has been Irene Handl, landladying it beautifully.

Hancock is too rare a commodity to let go. Next time may we have a script without excrescences, firmer direction, more nerve. Pure Hancock? It's worth trying for.

Not content with morning art and music shows, the Academy now branches out into Late Night Shows: every Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, at 11 o'clock, a notable new film will be shown. The first, this week, is Kurosawa's *The Hidden Fortress*, a most spirited Eastern to put against the Westerns we have always with us. It has style – not to say stylisation – zest, comedy, thrills and landscape, all in the master's vein.

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Luisillo and his Spanish Dance Theatre, at the Coliseum

Luisillo has made up a number of short, semi-balletic ballets for his programme, ending with a conventional café scene danced in the Flamenco style. This is by far the most exciting of all Spanish dances and it is a pity that he uses it so little, for the ballets seem too derivative, too unspontaneous. In the big drama, *La Espera*, a man is waiting for his execution. Luisillo, although a natty dancer, is far too fidgety to be able to focus our sympathy or build up any tension, as a metronome by a microphone ticks away his life. Teresa Amaya makes a ravishing partner for the Flamenco numbers: she presents herself with dignity and, at the same time, great humour and energy. The other young ladies handicap themselves by painting their faces a bright orange, which ends startlingly at the neck, where a more alluring, natural colour begins.

A.F.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,620 Set by A. Alvarez

Competitors are invited to compose words for a Marching Song for Aldermaston or Wethersfield, limit 16 lines, to one of the following tunes: 'The Yellow Rose of Texas', 'Men of Harlech', 'Marching through Georgia', 'Land of Hope and Glory' or 'Lillibullero'. Entries by 21 March.

Result of No. 1,617 Set by L. W. Bailey

The usual prizes are offered for a passage, not more than 120 words, from one of the following biographies: Johnson's *Life of Boswell;* Queen Victoria's *Lytton Strachey;* Benjamin Disraeli's *Life of Monypenny and Buckle;* Baron Corvo's *Quest for Symons;* Lord Randolph Churchill's *Winston Churchill;* Shakespeare's *The Man Frank Harris;* Swift's *Life of Michael Foot.*

Report

Competitors were numerous and entertaining. Johnson and Victoria inspired the most entries, Swift and Corvo on the whole the brighter ones. One Shakespeare was unprintable. With such richness I should like to quote from eight entries and give two guineas each to Joan O'Donovan, P. W. R. Foot (appropriately) and Allan M. Laing.

JOHNSON ON BOSWELL

Mr Boswell was more than a gentleman by birth; he was the heir to a barony; certainly it was a Scotch barony; but a barony nevertheless. In a carriage he was the sort of young man who would offer his place to a middle-aged lady who had just vacated her place in favor of an elderly gentleman.

'PORCUPINE'

B.: I confess myself astonished at your undertaking, Sir. J.: Why, sir? B.: I had not thought myself deserving of such industry. J.: Cant, Sir. Man is a conceited animal, and there is not one of us who is not secretly convinced that his days are worthy of record.

MOLLY FITTON

VICTORIA ON STRACHEY

It is *impossible* to avoid the conclusion that Mr Strachey is slightly *intrusive* in his literary interpretations of that which goes on in the cultivated minds of Those whom the Almighty has appointed to particularly exalted Stations.

NANCY GUNTER

Even the *gross* and *deplorable* levity and disrespect of his attitude towards some of the Queen's most eminent subjects paled before the *indelicacy, shamelessness* and *disloyalty* of his biography of the Monarch herself.

JOHN DIGBY

CORVO ON SYMONS

. . . Of this musick box there should here be an inset block; but this has been denied both to us and to the reader by that petit-fogging meanness which with publishers, acting through the anonymity of a secretarix, afflict authors . . .

A. ELMSLEY

In this same year, iij of the paparchy of Johannes, did Symons with lively dignity invite unto his palace vain vacuous City men, and some several plebeians, who well performed those things necessary to be performed, videlicet, eating and drinking . . . So was it that the society of Wine and Food found birth, and Deo Gratias! it flourisheth yet.

JOHN BRIAN KENT

SHAKESPEARE ON HARRIS

Oft did he, in the Autumn of his days,
On some lewd love bed loll, softcushioned
By a brace of courtesans.

GEOFFREY PARKINSON

Well, to this matter. Harris wrote me up? Yea, but how if Harris wrote me down when I *was* up? How then? Could Harris write a play? No. Or a sonnet? No . . . What was Harris? An Adventurer . . . Who read him? They that took in the Saturday . . .

A. M. ROBERTSON

THE QUEST FOR SYMONS
or
'The Higher the Fewer'
A Romance
by
Fr Rolfe
(His Holiness Pope Anthrax)

. . . The monstrous tale once hewn out on old orange papers, He transcribed it in His fearfully-civilised script. This mimbling-mambling, oh-so, ever-so *friend* . . . the word made Him rear and roar aloud . . . should be exposed along with,

ὀρθροφοιτοσυκοφαντοδικοταλαιπωρος,

his perridiculous method. He folded His pincers meekly, while His quite frightfully-gigantic pen spewed venom:

Dear Sir,

As you are aware, I have only your literary earnings to live on. Kindly remit *at once* all monies accruing to Me in consequence of your impertinent ravings. You are a treacherous snob, a sedulous ape, a plagiarist and a liar.

This is without prejudice; and I reserve all rights in this letter.

Yours faithfully in Xt,
Anthrax.

JOAN O'DONOVAN

LIFE OF MICHAEL FOOT

. . . After the march from Aldermaston he addressed a great mob at Trafalgar Square and he gave it as his opinion that whoever spent the country's money on a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers would deserve better of mankind than the whole race of Tory politicians put together. When he descended from the plinth an ignorant fellow asked him whether he was in Unilateral or Multilateral Labour, and he whose wit was always of the keenest replied to the effect that there was only one kind of Labour and he was perpetually in that to ensure that there would be children in the future.

P. W. R. FOOT

LIFE OF BOSWELL

I recall that on one occasion Mr Boswell expressed himself in contemptuous terms of a gentleman who was reported to change his linen every day. 'As for me,' he added, 'I have not changed mine for six weeks, and may well wear it another six.'

'Sir,' I replied, 'your contempt is misplaced. A man who changed his linen seven times a week may well incur mild reprobation for excessive particularity for his person; but his company will commonly be preferred to that of one who thinks so little of his friends as to join them wearing a shirt he has not changed for six weeks. Mr Boswell, Sir, are you aware that you stink?

ALLAN M. LAING

Science Notebook

NIGEL CALDER

It really is a problem to know what Britain ought to do about space. On Monday in Paris the preparatory commission of the new European Space Research Organization meets; and British participation in that and in the Anglo-American satellite launchings takes care, for the time being, of the problem of providing an outlet for British academic scientists who want to conduct experiments on the fringes of the Earth's atmosphere.

But that is only part of the answer. We are only at the beginning of what is bound to be a colossal human enterprise – the conquest of the solar system. It really will not do merely to say either that Britain (or Europe) must try to rival the US and the USSR in these matters or, on the other hand, that there are more important things to worry about here on earth.

There is a school of thought in Britain, backed by commercial interests, that rejects the idea of matching the achievements of the two big powers in space achievements generally, but at the same time tries to convince the government (and through it other European governments) that there are some limited fields in which we can be smarter than the big boys and make handsome profits. The principal project on offer is the communications satellite.

The basic idea of using satellites to carry radio messages beyond the horizon is certainly not a monopoly of the British or even of Europe: quite the reverse, the Americans have already conducted the first experiments in relaying messages by satellite. There are three main schemes of potential importance, typified by the American *Echo, Needles* and *Courier* projects. The first is a big aluminised balloon satellite which reflects radio signals; the second is a large number of little tin whiskers to be put in orbit round the earth for the same purpose; and the third is a repeater satellite – that is to say, one which receives radio signals from the ground, amplifies them and re-transmits them.

British and French companies have dreamed up variations on the repeater satellite and are anxious to persuade their governments to follow them up, using the argument that revenue for transoceanic telephone calls will quickly repay even the millions needed to get such satellites into orbit. Even on paper, which is all they are at present, the proposals are not very convincing – at any rate it is hard to believe that anything we can do the Americans will not do five years sooner; and it is of course the public, and not the private companies, that is expected to put up the money and take the gamble.

No, there is a need for cool, but not frigid thinking about Britain and space. Those who want to see the Union Jack in orbit as soon as possible emphasise the colossal potential of the space game, as a reason for spending a lot of money suddenly. While not denying the colossal nature of the operation (or the colossal sums that may be spent, in the end), I would stress that we are just at the beginning of it all, and that there is still time for Britain and the other countries of the world to do things sensibly and avoid panic waste.

The basis for a purposeful and intelligent approach to space technology is, I think, to be found in three ideas which are practically inseparable. The first is that any effort by the smaller nations, including Britain, should be by international co-operation; and this co-operation should be as wide as possible, uniting them with the US right away, and with the Soviet Union as soon as that becomes politically feasible. The second is that, whatever the Americans and the Russians do, we should not attempt any military space projects and we should use all political means to secure demilitarisation of outer space.

The third requirement is that the collaborative project in space technology should aim at parity in engineering skills between the two big space powers on the one hand and us smaller fry on the other after a specified number of years. By this I mean, not that we have to shoot off a vast number of rockets, but that we should become as capable of designing and constructing sophisticated rockets and space vehicles as they are. In practice one might hope that, by the time the target date is reached, co-operation will have reached the stage where it is no longer meaningful to talk in terms of 'we' and 'they' – only of mankind exploring space.

We should get to work now; but certainly not on the lines advocated by the pressure groups. Let us forget about *Blue Streak* and the comparatively short-term communications satellites now proposed. Much better to start with thinking and experimentation aimed at devising the rockets, satellites and space probes needed in the 1970s.

Science Notebook will appear fortnightly, alternating with The Countryside.

City Lights

TAURUS

The word revaluation, a natural euphemism for devaluation, has been appropriated by its rarer, less popular opposite. The revaluation of the D-mark was a surprise mainly because everyone had been pressing it unsuccessfully on the Germans for four years past. The German stock markets, it is true, had been buzzing over the possibility for some days before it became actual; but there is no doubt that until very recently the Bundesbank was violently opposed to the idea of any shift in the exchange rate and that Dr Erhard was getting nowhere with his notion of a concealed revaluation to be achieved by fiddling the sales tax. There is no doubt either that the announcement came as a considerable shock to Herr Berg, the head of the German FBI, who had publicly paraded his success, a few months before, in squashing Dr Erhard by means of a brief interview with Dr Adenauer. The real question is what caused Dr Adenauer to sanction something likely to be even mildly unpopular with his industrial supporters just before an election.

And the answer is bound to be President Kennedy. Dr Adenauer was not at the press conference which followed revaluation, but Dr Erhard and Herr Blessing of the Bundesbank both made it plain that Mr Kennedy had turned out to be a much tougher nut than they had expected. Both of them made the valid point that – failing an increase in taxation, impossible in an election year – there

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was nothing that could be done to ward off the danger of inflation without attracting more hot money but a revaluation. But the real point implied was that one could no longer regard the dollar as a weak currency: if Mr Kennedy puts pressure on Germany it is from a position of strength, something quite different from the pressure which Mr Anderson and Mr Dillon failed ignominiously to exert in the dying days of the Eisenhower regime.

Germany has now been under open pressure, both from the US and the UK, since the IMF meeting last autumn: Sir George Bolton, a director of the Bank of England, expressed the general feeling in his statement as chairman of the Bank of London & South America published on the same day as news of the German revaluation – '*unless Germany can be made to understand that the western world cannot tolerate an indefinite substantial under-valuation of the D-mark . . . the West faces a period of stagnation, economic depression and unemployment*.' Dr Adenauer at last agreed to recognise that Mr Kennedy is a sufficiently hard nut to deserve a gesture; Washington replied in kind – it described the German revaluation as 'a useful but modest step'.

And that, for all the feelings of the Blessings, Bergs and Erhards, is just what it is. A five per cent revaluation of the D-mark is an anticlimax. It shows that Germany can be forced, at the very end, to acknowledge the existence of other people. It means a slight diversion of wealth from German industry to German consumers and a slight improvement in the position of Germany's competitors. But it does very little in itself to lessen the deflationary dangers to which German single-mindedness has exposed the artificial structure of western capitalism: one suspects that Dr Adenauer was persuaded to take this little step by the insidious argument that it could be the last.

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The only immediate effect, in any case, will be on the volatile mass of international hot money. The first, predictable reaction of the foreign exchange punters was to rush for the other currencies – Italian and Swiss – which might conceivably be foolish enough to follow the example of the Germans and the Dutch.

What when this fails? West Germany is still an attractive refuge for those who want to combine a high return on their money with the possibility of a revaluation capital profit and who have now tasted blood: there may be no great outflow of money from Germany as a result of the revaluation. If it has a result, it will be to confirm confidence in Mr Kennedy and in the dollar; a return of confidence in the dollar can only mean the loss of part of the short-term money which has been bolstering up the UK reserve against the worsening of the balance of payments. The gold reserve fell in February for the first time in 12 months, and the fall, though modest enough in itself, was serious in the light of the fact that it was concentrated in the last couple of weeks of the month. It may have been due to special factors, of course, but the German revaluation can only help currency speculators to the conviction that sterling is the weakest international currency going at the moment.

There is now a greater risk of a run on the pound. Since the reserve is largely the counterpart of hot money and since the balance of payments is still in heavy deficit, the risk should be met at once by drawing on the International Monetary Fund. It simply is not fair, when the bigger British firms are at last trying to become competitive and when France as well as Germany – moved, presumably, by the feeling that America, under Mr Kennedy, is still a great power – is at last ready to negotiate seriously over European unity, to allow there to be any uncertainty about sterling. Either we should devalue a little at once, calmly, on the German model, creating the impression that the step is part of a long-term plan; or we should borrow at once from the IMF before confidence in sterling begins to reflect the difference between the image of Mr Kennedy and that of Mr Macmillan.

Company News

The sale of steel prior charges was so successfully arranged that they all opened at a premium.

Rugby Portland Cement has improved its profit by nearly a fifth and raised its dividend from the equivalent of under 22 to 25 per cent.

Hudson's Bay, which makes most of its money from retail trade in Canada, has done very well to keep its profit and dividend unchanged.

Gamages has increased its profit by 8½ per cent and raised its dividend from 50 to 52½ per cent: the optimists had confidently expected more.

Tonibell makes the ice-cream for those vans with the musical boxes, has come to the market, and has been wildly oversubscribed by eager investors.

Linen Thread, having launched itself along the treacherous path of diversification, has little success to report so far; but it means to go on, and it means, as an earnest of its intention, to change its name to *Lindustries*.

The Chess Board

No. 591. Playing For The Gallery

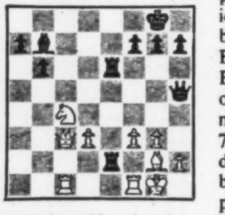
It's inadvisable, and as likely as not, he who goes for glorious complications rather than a safe win will come a cropper in the end; even so he will have fun. Moreover, there's always the chance of a happy ending, such as in this position. (Rossi-Miles, Sydney 1902). /1r1q1rkt1/1p3pk1/pktbKtp1pp/4P1Kt1/5Q1R/3B3P/PP3PP1/2R3K1/. White could win quite safely by 1) Kt(5)xBP, since . . . Q-K2 could be countered by 2) BxP, KxB; 3) RxP ch etc; whereas . . . P-Kt4 failed against 2) KtxKKtP, RxQ; 3) KtxP ch, K-R1; 4) RxR etc. But what White did play was the more spectacular 1) Kt(6)xBP, realising that . . . QxB could be refuted by 2) KtxP ch etc or, more elegantly, by 2) RxP, KtxR; 3) Q-B6 ch. There are a good many other variations, but what actually happened was . . . PxKt; 2) KtxP!!, RxQ; 3) R-R7 ch, K-B1; 4) KtxP ch, K-K1; 5) BxP ch, R-B2; 6) BxR ch, K-Q2; 7) BxKt ch and Black soon had enough of the carnage.

At times, though, the more obvious line may not be good enough, and something more subtle, the very move to please the gallery, may be imperative, such as in this position reported by P. Schlensker in *Schach-Echo*. /5k2/p4r1p/3q4/2p1p1Kt1/P1P5/8/6QB/7K/. This was Petrosian-Simagin, Moscow 1956, and evidently White mustn't take the Rook on account of the perpetual check immediately available for the Black Queen. Hence Petrosian played 1) Q-R8 ch, and since . . . K-K2 was ruled out by Q-Kt7 ch Black played . . K-Kt2. Now the obvious move would seem to be 2) Q-KR8 ch, but it would be a grievous mistake as Black, so far from taking the sacrificial lady would march his King out to Kt3. Thus, Petrosian enthused the gallery by interposing 2) BxP ch!!, and now after . . . QxB the Queen-sacrifice was as sound as gold.

Knightforks are among the most pleasing sights on the chessboard. Take this position reported by *Deutsche Schachzeitung:* /3Kt4/5pp1/3K4/4P3/7p/7k/16/. This happened in an Esthonian championship, and after 1) KtxP, K-Kt5 White had to seek a well known pattern for catching the budding Queen. 2) P-K6, P-R6; 3) Kt-K5 ch, K-Kt6; 4) Kt-B3!!, KxKt; 5) P-K7, P-R7: 6) P=Q, P=Q; 7) Q-R8 ch etc. I wonder if the winner thought of well known studies such as this one by L. Loeventon (1953): /3K4/4Kt3/4P3/2k4Kt/8/1p6/16/. Obviously 1) Kt-B4, P-Kt7; 2) Kt-Q3 ch wouldn't be good enough against . . . K-Q3; hence, 1) Kt-Q5!, KxKt; 2) Kt-B4 ch, K-K5; 3) Kt-Q3!, KxKt; 4) P-K7, P-Kt7; 5) P=Q, P=Q; 6) Q-Kt6 ch etc.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White played 1) Kt-Q6, his idea being to counter both . . . RxKt or . . . B-R3 by Q-B8 ch. But Black had ideas of his own and forced a pretty mate. How? For 6 and 7 ladder-points **B,** a draw, and **C,** a win, are both 'classics' and as pretty as they are instructive. Usual prizes. Entries by 19 March.

A: Freitag 1960



B: L.Kubbel: /8/3p1p2/1P1P1P2/3P4/1K6/4k3/8/1kt2r3/.

C: Sobolevski: /7k/5p1p/7R/3r4/1P6/8/4P2b/2B2K2/.

REPORT on No. 588. Set 17 February

A: 1) Q-Q1 ch, B-Kt5; 2) QxB ch, KxQ; 3) B-K2 mate.

B: 1) B-Kt8 ch, K-R3 (best); 2) Kt-B5 ch, K-R4; 3) B-B7 ch, K-Kt5; 4) Kt-Q3 ch, etc.

C: 1) P-Kt7, R-B4 ch; 2) K-K4, R-KKt4; 3) P-B3 ch, K-R5; 4) P=Q! (B-K7?? being refuted by . . . P-K7), RxQ; 5) B-K7 ch, R(1)-Kt4; 6) KxP, R-K8 ch; 7) K-B4, R-K4; 8) B-Q8, R-B4 ch; 9) K-K4, R-KB2; 10) K-K3, R-Q2; 11) B-B6, R-KKt2; 12) B-Q8, R-Kt1; 13) B-K7, R-K1; 14) K-B4, etc.

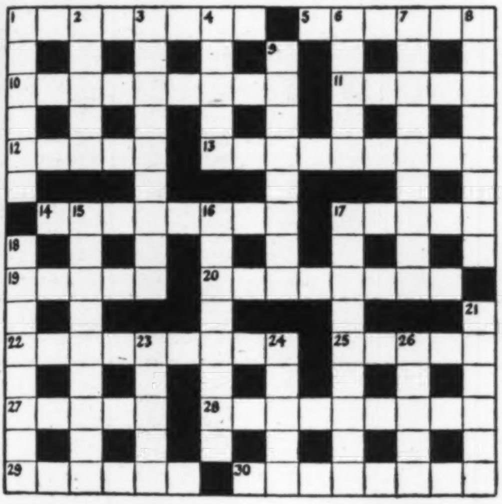
Not quite easy. Even so, a fair number of correct or near-correct solutions. Prizes: E. Allan, J. W. Atkinson, E. A. Barclay-Smith, D. E. Cohen, A. J. Sobey.

In 590 A: White Queen on a4.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 448

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 448, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 21 March.



ACROSS

1. Places for picking workers (8).
5. River plant? (6).
10. Orchestra rearranged for exponent of the slow movement (9).
11. Names places in which I am not to be found (5).
12. Language which has nothing about thanks being returned (5).
13. Ruined earthclad building (9).
14. Female with a drink starts doing harm (8).
17. Something hot unites me with a librarian (5).
19. Heavy defeats mar tours (5).
20. Ape discovers human discipline (8).
22. Crazily resign and get a welcome (9).
25. Drink which is in law a terrible scourge (5).
27. A department for the expert (5).
28. The information is staggering for the pictures (9).
29. Summer is almost fall (6).
30. Eastern symbol for growing (8).

DOWN

1. 'Amid the bitterness of things ——' (Rossetti) (6).
2. Vehicle without a small weight (5).
3. A sane hint translated for Greeks (9).
4. Coin named after sovereign (5).
6. Without the hundred the money would still be an attraction (5).
7. The torrent after changing course within the embankment (9).
8. Decided to find the answer in colour (8).
9. Figure for the writer to become attached to (8).
15. Meditate on people in at the entertainment (9).
16. Pervasive as one person among several in it (8).
17. Give the sack and the factory makes trouble (9).
18. Sweet as an allowance under foreign currency (8).
21. Variation on tripos students' salutation (6).
23. 'The farced —— running 'fore the king' (*K. Henry V*) (5).
24. Needles' user for the channel (5).
26. Subject for autobiography? (5).

Set-square

Solution to No. 446

P	A	M	P	A	S	■	■	■	C	A	M	B	E	R
I	■	I	■	C	■	C	■	C	■	S	■	L	■	E
S	I	D	E	C	A	R	■	O	B	S	C	U	R	E
T	■	R	■	O	■	I	■	U	■	E	■	B	■	L
O	S	I	E	R	■	C	O	N	S	T	A	B	L	E
L	■	F	■	D	■	K	■	T	■	■	■	E	■	D
■	O	F	F	I	C	E	B	E	A	R	E	R	S	■
■	■	■	■	O	■	T	■	R	■	E	■	■	■	■
■	S	T	E	N	O	G	R	A	P	H	E	R	S	■
A	■	E	■	■	■	R	■	T	■	E	■	E	■	S
B	A	N	D	I	C	O	O	T	■	A	R	S	O	N
A	■	S	■	N	■	U	■	A	■	R	■	T	■	A
S	W	I	N	D	O	N	■	C	O	S	S	A	C	K
E	■	N	■	U	■	D	■	K	■	A	■	T	■	E
S	A	G	E	S	T	■	■	■	E	L	D	E	R	S

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Particulars may be obtained from the Secretary of the Appointments Committee of the Faculty of Fine Arts, 1 Scroope Terrace, Cambridge. Applics should be submitted by 5 April 1961.

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Applications are invited for the post of LECTURER in SOCIAL and LOCAL HISTORY in the Department of Adult Education and Extra-Mural Studies. Applicants should have good academic qualifications, and experience in adult education is desirable. The salary will be on the scale £1,050 x £50 – £1,400 x £75 – £1,850 (efficiency bar at £1,550) a year according to experience and qualifications.

Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2, (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 8 April 1961.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

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Applications are invited from Graduates for the post of LECTURER in APPLIED SOCIAL STUDIES in the Department of ECONOMICS AND SOCIAL SCIENCE. Candidates should have a University Degree and have pursued a professional course in Social Work. Experience of supervision desirable.

Applications (six copies) should be sent not later than 14 April 1961 to the Registrar, University College, Cathays Park, Cardiff, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

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Applications must show the candidate's age and qualifications and should be accompanied by the names and addresses of two referees. They should be submitted not later than 14 April 1961 to the undersigned, from whom further particulars of the posts may be obtained.

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Applications are invited from candidates within the approximate age limits of 30-45 for the post of DIRECTOR OF STUDIES. The appointment is for FIVE years in the first instance. Salary £2,500-£3,000 according to experience and qualifications.

Further particulars and application form can be obtained from the Director General, 10 St James's Square, London, SW1, to whom applications should be sent by 7 April 1961.

SMALL Co-educational School requires staff (aged 25-50) for teaching, matroning and cooking. St Catherine's School, Almondsbury, Glos.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL
VACANCY FOR SENIOR CHILD WELFARE OFFICER
(SALARY £940 – £1,300)

Senior Child Welfare Officer required in the Children's Department. The person appointed will supervise the work of five child welfare officers. Candidates must have had field experience of work with deprived children and their families, preferably in a supervisory capacity; possession of the Home Office Certificate or Certificate in Applied Social Studies an advantage. Application form (returnable by 31 March, 1961) from the Children's Officer, (E.1/N/575/3), County Hall, London, SE1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

Anglo-Continental School of English
33 Wimborne Road
BOURNEMOUTH

(Recognised as Efficient by the Ministry of Education)

HOLIDAY COURSES 1961

The above language centre for adult foreign students requires a number of additional Teachers and Lecturers for its summer courses between 3 July and 16 September 1961. Applicants must be prepared to take up their duties on either 3 July or 17 July, and all appointments will terminate on, or shortly before, 16 September.

Applications are invited from the following:

(a) Specialists in direct method English language teaching, including Speech and Conversation specialists.

(b) Specialists who can offer to teach and/or lecture on English Literature (particularly 20th century literature), English History (19th & 20th century), English Life & Institutions, Commerce & Economics in the United Kingdom, and American Life & Institutions.

(c) Linguists (German/French/Italian/Swedish), experienced in teaching English to elementary students.

Experience of working with Continental students will be an advantage, but it is of greater importance for applicants to show evidence of initiative, energy and enthusiasm. Successful applicants may select to teach either 12 or 24 hours each week, special lectures being given in addition to this programme and there being opportunities for additional employment if required. The positions are well remunerated and assistance is offered in finding accommodation in Bournemouth. Preference will always be given to male applicants, except in the case of Speech and Conversation specialists.

Applications, together with a recent photograph, should state qualifications and relevant experience, and should be addressed to Richard S. Davis, above. All applications will be answered during March, and interviews will be arranged later in Bournemouth and London.

CITY OF LEEDS CARE OF CHILDREN DEPARTMENT

CHILD CARE OFFICERS (FEMALE)
Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons (Child Care Certificate or similar qualification) for vacant posts of Child Care Officers. Understanding of and interest in the needs of children deprived of a normal home-life essential. Applications will be considered from persons in training for Child Care qualifications and whose studies will be completed in the relatively near future. Salary: National Scale £665-£975 per annum.

Application forms and full particulars can be obtained from the Children's Officer, 229 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds 2.

PART-time Woman Classics Tutor required April. W1. Box 1142.

EDITOR serious quarterly magazine reqs intelligent pt-time secy. Box 1446.

ROYAL PERTH HOSPITAL

Western Australia

MEDICAL SOCIAL WORKERS

Applications are invited from Medical Social Workers to fill vacant posts in the Almoner Department of this Hospital.

Royal Perth Hospital is the main teaching hospital associated with the Medical School University of Western Australia, and has upwards of 850 beds (including 110 beds at the Shenton Park Annexe which functions as a rehabilitation hospital). The Hospital provides a full range of services associated with a modern 'acute' hospital.

SALARY: Within the range of £A1,053-£A1,341 per annum, dependent on qualifications and experience.

The general conditions of employment include two weeks annual leave plus approximately 14 gazetted public holidays. Accommodation is available at the Hospital, if required.

Candidates are offered proportionate refund of minimum First Class sea passage on the basis of the number of years service, e.g. one-third refunded for one year's service, two-thirds refunded for two years' service, and full passage refunded on the completion of three years' service, for candidates meeting own travel costs to Australia. Alternatively, candidates may travel to Australia under the Assisted Passages Scheme (free travel) with the statutory contribution of £10 Sterling by the appointee. Details of this latter mode of travel may be obtained from the Agent General for Western Australia, Savoy House, 115 Strand, London, WC2, who will also be pleased to supply information regarding the State of Western Australia.

Applicants should state age, qualifications, experience including present appointment, and the names and addresses of two professional referees.

Closing date: 15 April 1961.

F. R. LEPPARD,
Acting Administrator.

THE UNITED CAMBRIDGE HOSPITALS
and
THE FULBOURN AND RIVERSFIELD GROUP HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker to the United Cambridge Hospitals. The department consists of five staff, two Psychiatric Social Workers, Trainee and two Social Workers. The work entails both outpatient work at the Psychiatric Clinic at Addenbrooke's Hospital and inpatient work at Fulbourn Hospital. There is regular opportunity for case discussions, attending lectures, etc. The post is a varied and interesting one and covers quite a wide area of the country. Further information can be obtained from Miss M. J. Ferguson, Senior Psychiatric Social Worker.

Applications with the names of three referees should be sent to the Secretary, United Cambridge Hospitals, Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge, by 4 April 1961.

UNITED BRISTOL HOSPITALS

Psychiatric Social Worker required (one of two) to work chiefly at the Bristol Royal Hospital for Sick Children (Inpatients and Outpatients) also at the Bristol Royal Infirmary (Psychiatric Adult Outpatients). Both hospitals are in the teaching hospital group and the former is in close association with the University Department of Child Health. Whitley Council salary scales and conditions of service.

Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Bristol Royal Hospital for Sick Children, Bristol, 2.

DR BARNARDO'S HOMES

Invite applications from Qualified Women Social Workers for the following non-resident appointments:

Area Welfare Officer
(a) Chelmsford, Essex.

Area Welfare Officer
(b) NW and W London area.

Candidates should be C/E or Free Church and hold a Social Science Diploma or Degree with subsequent experience in Boarding Out, Case Work and Girls' After Care. Current Driving Licence an asset. Apply with details of age, qualifications and experience to Miss Scott, 18 Stepney Causeway, London, E1.

HOUSEPARENT required young adult spastic centre near London. Congenial surroundings comfortable quarters. Salary scale £475 x £25 to £600 less £120 for emolument yearly. Box 1341.

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

HM Prisons Leicester and Bedford.

Applications are invited for suitably qualified men or women for the new posts of Prison Welfare Officer at these prisons. Adequate experience in social work is essential and a social science qualification desirable. Commencing salary, as for Probation Service, £835 (age 29 and above) with six increments to £1,025.

Further details and application forms (returnable by 30 March 1961) from General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

EAST SUSSEX EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Child Guidance Service

Applications are invited for the post of PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER for the BEXHILL Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of a recognised training course. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council Professional and Technical Council 'A' Scale.

Further particulars and application forms, which should be returned as soon as possible, obtainable from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Lewes.

SHROPSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Adult Tutor Organiser (Man or Woman)

Vacancy in mixed urban and rural district. The tutor should carry further pioneer work already started. Resource needed in approach to potential students outside range of traditional organisations. Will help in own subject outside his district and at Attingham Park Adult College; will co-operate with band of University, WEA, Attingham, LEA colleagues. Degree or equivalent qualification and some teaching experience desirable. Wide interests valuable in addition to specialism.

Salary Burnham plus £150; car essential, travelling and subsistence allowances on County scale.

Form and particulars (s.a.e.) from undersigned; due back 18 March 1961.

H. MARTIN WILSON,
Secretary for Education,
County Buildings, SHREWSBURY.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Lectureship in Economics. Applications are invited for appointment to the above-named position in the Faculty of Economics. The salary range for the position is £A1,750/75/2,350 per annum with superannuation similar to FSSU. The appointee will be required to commence duties as early as possible. It is important that intending applicants obtain details of the procedure to be followed in applying for the post and a copy of the Conditions of Appointment, before submitting their applications. This information is available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 30 April 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Senior Lectureship in Philosophy. Applications are invited for appointment to the above-named position, for which the salary range is £A2,450/100/2,950 per annum with superannuation similar to FSSU. Candidates are requested to indicate the branch or branches of philosophy in which they have special interests or in which they are specially qualified to lecture. The appointee will be expected to take up duty as early as possible. It is important that intending applicants obtain details of the procedure to be followed in applying for the post and a copy of the Conditions of Appointment, before submitting their applications. This information is available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 30 April 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Adelaide. Lecturer in English Language. The University invites applications for appointment to the abovementioned Lectureship. The Lecturer will be required, as his main duty, to share in the teaching of Old and Middle English; he will also be expected to take some classes in Post-Medieval Literature. Salary scale: £A1,675-95-2,340, with superannuation on the FSSU basis. General conditions of appointment and a statement about the post may be had on application to the Registrar or to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Any further information desired will gladly be supplied on application to the Registrar. Applications, in duplicate, and giving the information listed in the final paragraph of the general conditions of appointment, should reach The Registrar, The University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia, not later than 12 April 1961.

NORWEGIAN-speaking Englishman reqd to lead mountain walking parties in Norway fr. end June-early Sept. Box 1356.

BBC requires Research Assistant in Projects and Development Section of Audience Research Department. Duties include design and supervision of special surveys with analysis and tabulation of results; preparation of tests and questionnaires and administration of these to experimental groups; writing of reports. An Honours degree, or comparable qualification, preferably in Psychology, followed by at least two years' practical experience of social surveys, market research or similar work, essential, and knowledge of statistical methods desirable. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.93 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within ten days.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Lectureship/Senior Lectureship in History. Applications are invited for appointment to a position of Lecturer or Senior Lecturer in the Department of History. Applicants should have special interest in mediaeval or late mediaeval history. The appointee will be expected to establish a new first-year course in this field. The salary range for a Lecturer is £A1,750/75/2,350 per annum and for a Senior Lecturer £A2,450/100/2,950 per annum with superannuation similar to FSSU in both cases. The appointee will be expected to take up duty during the third academic term which commences on 28 August 1961. It is important that intending applicants obtain details of the procedure to be followed in applying for the post and a copy of the Conditions of Appointment, before submitting their applications. This information is available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London on 31 May 1961.

AUSTRALIAN National University. School of General Studies. Lecturer in French. Applications are invited for appointment to the post of Lecturer in French. The salary range for a Lecturer is £A1,640-90-£2,360. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. Further information and the summary forms which must accompany an application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 15 April 1961.

AUSTRALIAN National University. School of General Studies. Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in German. Applications are invited for appointment to the abovementioned post. The salary range for a Senior Lecturer is £A2,400-100-£A2,900; and for a Lecturer, £A1,640-90-£A2,360. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. Further information and the summary forms which must accompany an application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq., WC1. Applns close, in Australia and London, on 29 April 1961.

THE University of Liverpool. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Social Science. The duties of the post will include participation in the teaching of students training to be Child Care Officers. Candidates should have experience in local Authority Children's Departments. Salary scale range £1,050-£1,850 per annum plus membership of FSSU and Child Allowances. Initial salary within range £1,050-£1,300. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, should be received not later than 31 March 1961, by the Registrar, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

RESEARCH Assistants: Foreign Office Research Department. 6 pensionable posts (3 in Grade II, 3 in Grade III) for men or women at least 28 (Grade II) or 21 (Grade III) on 1.4.61 for research on historical background and current developments in foreign countries. Qualifications: normally at least 2nd class honours degree. For some posts, sound reading knowledge of Arabic or Russian essential. Knowledge of other languages and peoples desirable. Final year students may apply for Grade III posts. Salary scales: Grade II £1,258-£1,922; Grade III £618 (at age 21), £665 (at 22), £788 (at 25 or over), rising to £1,184. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 5265/61. Closing date 6 April 1961.

SOCIAL Workers: Ministry of Labour. 2 pensionable posts in Industrial Rehabilitation Units for men or women at least 21 on 1.3.61 with Social Science Diploma (or equivalent) and, preferably experience of social case work. Duties include advising on the rehabilitation and resettlement of persons who have been injured or long unemployed. Salary scale (Outer London) from £706 (at 21) to £867 or higher (at 25 or over), rising to £1,199. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting 5278/61. Closing date 5 April 1961.

NATIONAL Council of Social Service has vacancy for assistant (woman) in its central registry and filing department. Training in library and filing work and knowledge of social services desirable. Pension scheme. Four weeks' annual leave. Starting sal. £550-£625 p.a. Applns with two testims to 26 Bedford Square, WC1 by 20 March.

GOVERNMENT Social Survey. The Social Survey Division of the Central Office of Information invites applications for posts of Senior Research Officer and Research Officer. The Research Unit is responsible for official sample survey enquiries covering a wide field of social and economic problems with a variety of research methods and maintaining high technical standards. Specialist sections are available for sampling, interviewing, coding and mechanical tabulation, but research officers have full responsibility for the design and reporting of survey work, much of which is published, and are expected to conduct such methodological research as may be required. All applicants should be qualified in one of the Social Sciences, Mathematics or Statistics, and have had research exp. Applicants for the senior posts must be able to produce reports of previous research for which they have had responsibility. Posts which are unestablished are graded Senior Information Officer and Information Officer and the salaries are £1,573 to £1,937 and £1,282 to £1,490 respectively. Write, giving age, full details of exp. and quals to Manager (PE.800/PD), Ministry of Labour, Professional & Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon Street, London, EC4.

LONDON County Council. Children's Department. Child Welfare Officers. Men and women suitably qualified and with field experience of work with deprived children and their families required as Child Welfare Officers at an Area Children's Office which has recently moved to new accommodation at 345 Holloway Road, N7. Possession of Home Office Certificate in Child Care or Certificate in Applied Social Studies an advantage. Duties as generally for social workers in the child care field. Area covers for reception purposes the boroughs of Islington, Holborn & Finsbury & its out-county boarding-out area is North and East Middlesex, Herts, and Beds. Considerable travelling would be involved. Social science etc. students taking their finals later this year may apply in anticipation of their being successful in their examinations. Married women formerly engaged in related social work and now seeking re-employment also considered. £740-£1,060 according to qualifications and experience. Forms and details from Children's Officer (E1/S/547/3), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

LONDON County Council. Norwood Technical College, Knight's Hill, London, SE27. Graduate Grade B Assistant required for September 1961, to teach English Language and Literature to GCE O and A level classes, and to overseas students up to Cambridge Proficiency standard. Post temporary in first instance. Salary scale £738 to £1,201; additions for qualifications and training, increments within scale for experience. Application Form (stamped, addressed envelope) from Principal, to be returned within 14 days. Please quote (FE3a/N/466/3).

LONDON County Council. Psychotherapists required to work 6 half-days a week at each of two day schools for maladjusted children, (a) Northcroft, Brook Green, W6 (b) Moatbridge, Eltham Palace Road, SE9. Applicants should have undertaken specialised training in psychotherapy, including analysis with children and should possess appropriate academic qualification or experience, preferably an honours degree in psychology or its recognised equivalent. Salary £994 10s. Form and particulars from Medical Officer of Health (N/DI/601/3), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 27 March.

LONDON County Council. Applications are invited for the post of Educational Psychologist to assist with the organisation and conduct of the Council's Schools' Psychological Service. The successful candidate will be a member of the Woodberry Down Child Guidance Unit team. Applicants should possess good academic and professional qualifications in Education Psychology. Clinical and teaching experience are essential. Special consideration will be given to candidates who have experience in the field of local authority work and the ability to lecture. Salary £1,295 to £1,765; in appropriate circumstances appointment may be made above the minimum. Application forms with details from the Education Officer, (Estab. 2/N/468/3), County Hall, London, SE1, returnable by 29 March 1961.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Psychotherapist (full or part-time) reqd at Tottenham Child Guidance Centre, Lordship Lane, N17. Hons degree in Psychology with recognised postgraduate mental health training &/or equiv. exper. in Child Therapy essential. Salary (full-time) £1,290-£1,560, (part-time) pro rata or £2 15s. 6d. p. 3 hr sessions if 19 hrs p. wk or less. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (Ref. GP), 10 Gt George St. SW1, returnable by 30 March. (Quote F. 635 NS&N).

ASSISTANT Housemothers (not under 19 years) resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £35 per month rising to £44 10s. less valuation of emoluments. Write: Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

SECRETARY for Architects' office Bayswater, 10-6 Mon.-Fri. Box 1325.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

LONDON County Council. Cumberlow Lodge Remand Home, Chalfont Road, South Norwood, SE25 (for girls). Qualified mistress for general subjects required. Candidates should have good secondary school experience and be able to interest adolescent girls under stress. Ability to offer arts and crafts, and to assist in the preparation of reports for courts and schools, an advantage. The teacher appointed would be a member of a specialised team working in very close co-operation with Psychiatrists, Psychologists and Social Workers. Single accommodation possibly available at a moderate charge. Burnham (London) Scale Salary with Home Office addition of £60 a year. Eight weeks holiday a year. Teachers considering this work are invited to visit the home to see the work being done and assess the requirements of the post. Arrangements to visit may be made directly with the Warden, tel. No. LIV. 2347. Application form TS.40 obtainable from and returnable within 14 days to the Education Officer (TS.5/N/659/3), County Hall, London, SE1. Stamford House Remand Home and Classifying Centre, 206A Goldhawk Road, W12. Qualified master required for the post of practical vocational teacher in charge of a Woodwork Shop with subsidiary crafts. The special nature of this post requires some knowledge of objective testing and the ability to evaluate the practical capabilities and vocational needs of boys up to 17 years of age. It offers wide scope to a teacher of imagination, initiative and insight. The teacher appointed would be a member of a specialised team working in very close co-operation with Psychiatrists, Psychologists and Social Workers. Burnham Scale with Home Office addition of £120 a year. Residence may be offered to a single person. A resident teacher would be required to make the appropriate payment for board and residence (now £135 a year) but would receive £216 a year in return for extraneous duties averaging not less than 15 hours a week. Eight weeks holiday a year. Application form TS.40 obtainable from and returnable within 14 days to the Education Officer, (TS.5/N/659/3), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, London, SE1.

CHILD Care. Assistant Matron required at Stamford House, Goldhawk Road, Shepherds Bush, W12 a remand home and classifying centre for 100 boys up to 17 years. Duties generally to assist matron and deputise in her absence, but could be arranged to some extent to suit preference of successful candidate for catering or other domestic fields. Opportunity to give child care assistance e.g. with observation of boys in connection with classifying work etc. Other staff includes housemothers, cooks, needlewomen, laundry woman and domestics. Salary under review probably within scale £625 x £25 – £725 less £138 for board, good single accommodation, and laundry. 6 weeks leave including Bank Holidays. Apply Children's Officer, (WDO/N/620/3), LCC, County Hall, London, SE1.

LONDON County Council. Men and women play leaders required for work in large play park in Central London. Evenings, mid-April to end of July; all day in Summer holidays. Details and forms, returnable as soon as possible from Education Officer, (PS.8/N/643/3), County Hall, SE1.

LONDON County Council. Men and women required for Summer holiday daytime work at Play Centres in schools and at open spaces. Should have knowledge of games and ability to control groups of children. Details and forms, returnable as soon as possible, from Education Officer, (PS.8/N/641/3), County Hall, SE1.

CASSEL Hospital Management Committee, Ham Common, Richmond, Surrey. The post of Group Secretary becomes vacant in May on the retirement of the present holder. The duties of Group Secretary, Finance Officer and Supplies Officer are to be combined and applications are invited for this combined post. Candidates should have had good experience in hospital administration and possession of IHA Diploma or other recognised qualifications would be an advantage. Canvassing of HMC members will disqualify. The Cassel is a Psychiatric Hospital of 60 beds with a growing Out-Patient Department. Special Salary scale agreed by Ministry £1,300-£1,550 p.a. An unfurnished house is available if required. Applications, giving age, qualifications and full details of experience, together with names and addresses of three referees to be sent to The Group Secretary, Cassel Hospital, Ham Common, Richmond, within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement.

YOUTH. Independent new development. Peripatetic work offering opportunity for research and experiment in scattered rural area. Commencing £600-£800 according to experience, etc. Details from Parker, Whitminster, near Gloucester.

WANTED: Thoroughly experienced working housekeeper and gardener houseman. Large house South Cornish coast. One in family. Occasional large parties. Every conceivable labour-saving convenience. Excellent staff accommodation. School child or aged relative considered. Mrs Singer, Kilmarth, Par, Cornwall.

GREECE. Position available for Greek-speaking man to accompany tourist parties on caique cruises among Greek islands from early June-October. Box 1357.

THE United Liverpool Hospitals. Applications are invited for the post of Clinical Psychologist (Probationer). Candidates must have a first or second class honours degree in Psychology of a University in the British Isles or a qualification approved by the Minister of Health. The appointment will be to The United Liverpool Hospitals which comprises the undergraduate medical teaching hospitals associated with the University of Liverpool but the duties will be mainly concerned with the Department of Psychological Medicine at the Royal Liverpool Children's Hospital and will include in-patient work in the hospital's two branches, in Liverpool and at Heswall. Candidates will receive training under a comprehensive scheme lasting three years or less if they already have appropriate experience. This will include formal lectures, in-patient and out-patient experience with both children and adults, and opportunities to complete a piece of research. The scheme will be under the supervision of a Clinical Psychologist (Top Grade) who will have charge of the Board's psychological services. At the conclusion of the training period candidates will be eligible for appointment to a post of Clinical Psychologist. The salary scale for a probationer is £580 x £25(4) – £680 per annum. The post is superannuable and Whitley Council conditions of service apply. Further details will be provided on request. Applications giving details of age, qualifications and experience and the names of three persons to whom reference may be made should reach the Secretary, 80 Rodney Street, Liverpool, 1, by 4 April 1961.

INSTITUTE of Cancer Research: Royal Cancer Hospital. Research Assistant required in department working on statistics of cancer. Ability to type essential & to operate simple electric computer useful: but prime requirement is commonsense & ability to see interest & importance of work without being overwhelmed by masses of figures. University degree not essential, but equivalent education or experience in sociology desirable. Near S Ken. Stn. Salary between £600-£900 according to qualifications & experience. Apply with details of previous career & names of 2 referees to the Secretary, 33 Sumner Place, SW7, quoting ref. 301/B/19.

FAMILY Welfare Association. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Caseworker with the Association. Applicants should hold a Social Science qualification and have had professional casework training. Salary scale up to £825 p.a. with possibilities of certain additional emoluments. Superannuation Scheme, generous holidays, five-day week plus opportunity for consultation and professional development. Application forms from: Casework Consultant, FWA, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, SW1.

FAMILY Service Units requires men and women caseworkers for the development of its pioneer family casework service in London and several provincial centres. Salaries £625-£850 p.a. Resident and non-resident posts. Further information from the Secretary, Family Service Units, 25 St Mary's Grove, London, N1.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Welfare Officer, female. Salary £572 per annum, rising by annual increments to £806. Contributory pension scheme. Candidates without training but with suitable background and experience would be considered. Apply in writing to the Assistant Secretary, The Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, W2.

PERSONAL Assistant/Secretary required for Head of Physiology department, National Institute for Research in Dairying. Good secretarial qualifications and some relevant experience, or knowledge of biological science essential. A university degree (preferably in biological science) or equivalent desirable. Commencing salary according to age in scale £469 (age 21) – £568 (age 25 or over on entry) – £796 or for degree in biological science or equivalent, £578 (age 21) – £776 (age 26 or over on entry) – £983, with superannuation in each case. Applications, naming two referees, to Secretary, NIRD, Shinfield, Reading. Quote ref. 61/10.

ESSEX, Friends' School, Saffron Walden. (Recognised co-educational boarding school under a Committee of the Society of Friends). Required in April or September non-teaching Housemistress to help with leisure activities, out-of-school supervision and the general welfare of the girls. Salary between £300 and £400 with board-residence during term time. Applications, with testimonials and names of referees, should be sent to the Headmaster as soon as possible.

BODENHAM Manor Residential School, Bodenham, near Hereford. Assistant Housemother's Post will soon be vacant at the above which is a school for 32 maladjusted boys. Salary in accordance with experience plus full emoluments. Particulars from Mrs H. A. Rees, 23 Laburnum Road, Birmingham 30.

SURREY. Required April or September, a woman (or man) to take a responsible part in a small, expanding progressive school near London. Main work with under 12's, art and crafts ability desirable. All year residence suitable for person with own child. Apply Principal, New Sherwood School, Worple Road, Epsom.

ACTOR-manipulators, m/f., required by touring marionette theatre. Box 1441.

BODENHAM Manor School, Bodenham, Near Hereford. Vacancies exist for two teachers, man and woman, at this School for 32 maladjusted boys from the ages of 8 years. Salary Burnham scale, plus full emoluments for extra duties. For full particulars apply to: Mrs H. A. Rees, 23 Laburnum Rd, Bournville, Birmingham, 30.

ROYAL Anthropological Institute. Applications are invited for the post of Library Assistant for cataloguing, classification and care of the periodical collection. Applications giving details and names of two referees should be marked personal and addressed to the Honorary Secretary, 21 Bedford Square, WC1.

TRAVEL agency requires representatives to take charge of parties visiting Austria, Italy, Norway, Switzerland and Yugoslavia during the summer of 1961. Periods of employment are normally from mid-May to mid-September. Men only considered, knowledge of language and country essential. Box 1355.

YOUNG man, early twenties, no prospects, as secretary-companion to senior partner and help to very young partner. Willing to start bottom rung but determined to climb. Essential typing, personality, literacy. Dull job, pleasant people, home and Continental holiday offered. East Anglia near sea. Box 1396.

INTERNATIONAL Trade Union Organisation invites applications for the post of lady secretary to Assistant General Secretary. Essential qualifications: first-class English with good shorthand and typing speeds. Good knowledge of German and French. Secretarial experience and ability to work on own initiative. Working knowledge of Spanish and a Scandinavian language an advantage. Salary scale £850-£1,025 (including staff savings fund). Please write to Box 1328.

EDITORIAL Secretary for weekly educational journal. Good shorthand-typing speeds, initiative, adaptability essential, graduate or equivalent educational background preferred. Duties mainly secretarial, but successful candidate will have opportunity learn proof-reading, etc. Salary £600 p.a., pension scheme. Write Box 1434.

RESIDENT Party Leaders required for Continental Holiday Groups in Italy, Switzerland & Spain. Knowledge of either German, Spanish or Italian and the ability to mix with people essential. Must be available from end of April until end of September. Box 1440.

PERSONAL Assistant to General Secretary of Jewish organisation publishing small monthly journal reqd. Must be proficient shorthand-typist/secretary. Editorial exper. an advantage but not essential. Salary according to qualifications. Box 1444.

WELL-organised man needed by rather disorganised Quarterly Magazine for work, partly clerical, largely commonsense. One halfday weekly. Box 1251.

VICTOR Gollancz Ltd require Editorial Director's secretary, aged between 18 and 30, must be good shorthand-typist. Apply in writing with particulars to 14 Henrietta Street, WC2.

BOOKKEEPER for Sales/Purchase Accounts. Good prospects and salary according to age and experience (under 40 preferred). TU Agreement. Apply in writing to Collet's, 44/45 Museum Street, WC1.

INTELLIGENT woman – 30's, required to take charge of Order Room and assist in the Gallery – wholesale picture-framing business. Training will be given, though some experience preferred. Good salary, progressive position. Box 1358.

ANTIQUARIAN Bookseller in North London reqs lady assistant for cataloguing, research etc. Mon.-Fri. Experience preferred, but willing to train beginner. Salary £8 10s. upward according to experience. Good typing essential. Box 1256.

EXPERIENCED Book-keeper take full responsibility for accounts in busy publishing office with varied activities. Interesting opportunity service for peace. Please write the Manager, Peace News Ltd, 5 Caledonian Rd, London, N1.

ATTRACTIVE young lady (age 23/27) to train as Manageress for shop selling exclusively Scandinavian and other European glassware. Excellent prospects and salary. Apply to: The Continental Glass Shop Ltd, 317 Euston Road, NW1.

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CRIMINAL Law topics discussed by Gerald Gardiner, Prof. H. L. A. Hart & Ors in the current 'Oxford Lawyer', 3s. 6d. by post from 2 Phoenix Place, WC1.

'LOCAL Government Handbook' (England and Wales). A comprehensive guide to all local government matters. Published by the Labour Party. Price 7s. 6d. (by post 8s. 4d.) From: The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Sq., London, SW1.

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LECTURES, etc.—contd from p.408

RUDOLF Steiner Centenary Celebrations, 27 February-17 March. An Exhibition, a Programme of eight Lectures (Admission free) and two Eurythmy Performances (tickets 7s. 6d. and 5s.) will mark the three weeks' Rudolf Steiner Centenary Celebrations. All enquiries and tickets from the Rudolf Steiner Bookshop, 35 Park Road, NW1. (PAD. 4400).

FORUM – Meeting on Fri. 17 March at 7.45 p.m. at 32 Tavistock Square. Mr Ronald Segal will speak on 'South Africa and the Commonwealth'.

IWC Public Lecture. Free. Miss Anthea Warren: The National Book League. 8.30. Fri. 17 March. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Holborn, WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 12 Mar. Richard Clements, JP, OBE, The Bible: Why a New Translation? Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 14 Mar. Religion in the Secular State; Donald G. MacRae, MA. Discussion.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 12 March, 6.30 Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Capital Punishment Reconsidered'. H. J. Blackham.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Wed. 15 March, 6.30 p.m., 'Insight', Dr. J. P. Bomford. Sat. 18 March at 3 p.m. the Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea). Also Tues. 14 March, 6.30 p.m. Beginners' Class; first of six fortnightly lectures, open to all. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enqs: TAT. 1313.

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ARCHITECTURAL Association School of Architecture. Selection Board Examination for admission to years other than the first in September 1961 will be held on 1 May. Last date for applications: 21 April. Full particulars and application forms from: Principal, 36 Bedford Sq., WC1

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ACE advises on schools and universities and publishes 'Where?' quarterly. 10s. a year subscription to Advisory Centre for Education, Unit 13, 14 Buckingham St, London, WC2.

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